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Among the Deep-sea Fishermen.

(Dr. Wilfred T. Grenfell, in the 'Outlook.')

PART I.

In 1883, while I was studying medicine at the London Hospital in Whitechapel, I was attracted by a huge crowd going into a large tent in the slums of Stepney. There was singing going on inside, and curiosity led me in.

As I left with the crowd, I came to the conclusion that my religious life was a humbug. I vowed in future that I would either give it up, or make it real. It was obviously not a thing to be played with.

I was then playing on several athletic teams, and confess that the idea of a sneer and a cold shoulder had no attractions for me, and it had never occurred to me that popularity might be too dearly paid for at the price of my own independence.

Some time later I heard that one of England's famous cricketers, whose athletic distinctions I greatly admired, Mr. J. E. K. Studd, was going to speak in the neighborhood, and I went to hear him. Seated all in front of me there were two or three rows of boys from a training-ship, all dressed in the same uniform. At the end of his speech, Mr. Studd invited anyone who was not ashamed to confess that Christ was his Master for this life, rather than a kind of insurance ticket for the next world, to stand up. I was both ashamed and surprised to find that I was afraid to stand up. I did not know I was afraid of anything. One boy out of all this large number rose to his feet. I knew pretty well what that meant for him, so I decided to back him up and do the same. . . .

With this theological outfit, I started on my missionary career.

My medical course being finished, I began to cast about for some way in which I could satisfy the aspirations of a young medical man and combine it with a desire for adventure and definite Christian work. Sir Frederick Travers, the famous surgeon, also a daring sailor and master mariner, who had twice helped us at our camps, and for whom I had been doing the work of an 'interne' at the London Hospital, suggested my seeing if a doctor could live at sea among the deep-sea fishermen on one of the vessels of the Society of which he was a member of the council. Work in the London docks had made me familiar with the sailing vessels that one associated with 'deep sea' voyages, and I innocently went to the east coast expecting a two-thousand-ton vessel. Only a fear for my reputation prevented my backing out of it when I stepped aboard a fishing smack of sixty tons burden—about the size of a canal barge.

The idea of the Mission was to preach the Gospel to these men of the sea, whose inclinations did not lead them to prayer meetings when, for a few days, after months at sea, they patronized the land. Before one of their smacks, on arriving in port, had heard the last of her anchor-chain running through the hawse pipe, someone was over the rail—and that someone was not a missionary.

The outlook for success in a 'Mission ...p was not very encouraging. Generous prophets

WINTER IN NEWFOUNDLAND HARBOR.

predicted a three months' existence when a small smack was hired by a few independent laymen, and was sent to sea with a net alongside to help her to maintain herself. She had no missionary on board, except the skipper, whose best qualification was that he had been turned out of his own vessel because he had refused to fish on Sundays, though he was a well-known successful fisherman. He had preferred to walk about on the quay, and see his children hungry, to surrendering his principles and doing that which he believed to be wrong. There were not many such men in the fleets in those days. To encourage him, the necessary qualification for success was engraved on his wheel: 'Jesus said, Follow Me. . . . and I will make you fishers of men.' To solve the problem of fishing on Sundays, he was told he must catch more fish in six days than anyone else did in seven—which he did, and that this is possible twenty years' experience of many Mission fishing boats has never failed to confirm.

The skipper's first sermon was preached in this wise: The admiral of the fleet and three burly skippers had come aboard to inspect the new arrival, and had given it as their solemn opinion that what fishermen wanted was not 'this 'ere cant, but more whiskey.' For a fisherman is always dry inside, if he is wet out. The skipper got them below, showed them the cheerful bright cabin, treated them to the most generous pot of tea that they had had for a long time, and then produced four long, well-knitted, and warm mufflers.

'Look yere, Joe,' he said to the admiral, 'do y' see them 'ere mufflers?'

The admiral took them and overhauled them. 'What do they cost, Bill?' he said.

'If ye like 'em, I'll give 'em ter ye, on one corndishion.'

'What's that?' said the Admiral.

'W'y, that ye'll admit there is love in 'em, fer the ladies as knit them 'ere mufflers never seed yer, did they?'

'That's right,' said the men.

'W'y, then, they must 'ave loved yer to send yer these mufflers.'

'That's right,' they all chimed in.

'Well, then, there ye are—take 'em.'

The four men took the mufflers, and thanked the skipper, whereupon he replied, ''Ow much more must Jesus Christ 'ave loved yer, when 'e gave 'imself for yer!'

If sermons are to be valued by their success, this was a great sermon, for three men not only admitted it as a theory, but before leaving the ship that night, after tears had stained those bronzed cheeks, to which they had been foreign for many a year, they decided to try and return that love, and to the day of his death Joe Quester, admiral of the 'Short Blue Fleet,' was an effective missionary among his admiring followers.

There seems to be a love of music in all those who do business in great waters, and this has been turned to good account in attracting men to the Mission vessels. I have heard the solitary watch, as he jumped up and down by the mast during the long hours of a wintry night, while the wind was howling through the cordage, and every now and then the top of some watery mountain struck the ship and left her shivering like an aspen, singing to himself, hour after hour.

The men love getting together for singing. When the bulkheads between the cabins were removed, and the large hold thus made was crowded with men gathered round the rolling harmonium, balancing themselves on seats made of fish-boxes, their stentorian voices raised a paean of praise, which did not jar on one's ears, though some did not know the tune, and, unwilling to be left out, were impressing the nearest tune they did know into the service.

Cheerful reading matter, especially pictures which all can read, was an attraction to the men, and so was always kept on the Mission ship. Checkers, or draughts, is a great fishermen's game. They have regular 'checker tournaments' and 'checker clubs,' so these in plenty and other simple games were provided

to help to lure the man under the influence of the Mission ship, and to solve the question of the long hours in calm weather formerly devoted to 'spress' on the grog ship. . . .

A still further incentive to bring the fishermen aboard was found in a small dispensary added to each ship. Concentrated mixtures, plainly labelled for their purposes were supplied. The skippers were sent to London, and not only were trained to take the ambulance certificate, but were sent to hospitals and taught how to attend minor ailments. The fisherman has an inordinate love for medicine, and especially for anything that sticks—in the way of a plaster. This tendency was turned to good effect.

One day aboard a ship I moved a sailor's long boot; a bottle of medicine fell out, which I had given him an hour or so previously. I asked him, 'Why do you keep your medicine in your boot, skipper?' 'Lest the other men should find it out; they drank the other bottle you gave me before I had a chance.'

Serious cases were sent, lashed on a newly-invented stretcher, by fish-carrier to London. More than once I have admitted to the London Hospital injured men who had thus travelled up for several days, and had been carried from ship to ship, over a rough sea, and eventually landed at Billingsgate with the fish.

Creditable as the results were to the Mission skippers, it was a patent fact that in the larger fleets a doctor was the only efficient preacher in this line, so when it was found that doctors could live at sea, larger vessels were built, a hospital added below decks, and quarters provided for a Mission surgeon.

I must not forget, however, that which, most of all, makes it easy for a fisherman, shy as he is, to begin an acquaintance with Mission folk, especially a man whose notorious life would have been a bar against his coming aboard 'one of them Gospel ships' at all. This was the fact that in the Mission ship all were brother fishermen. Many a man has first come aboard, as he said, 'to lend a hand scrapin' down the spars' or 'to give yer an hour mendin' the net' that had been torn in the night, or to 'lend a hand to clear up the fish'—using an excuse that made him feel that he had a right to come.

The factor which helps largely to take a fisherman into a saloon is the few pence in his pocket; it gives him a right to go. This, too has been turned to good account by the Mission on the land. For the work begun at sea had to be supplemented by Homes on the land, where the men had a right to go. Each of these Homes was influenced and inspired by some consecrated Christian lady, who voluntarily came and lived near it, and so lent the influence of a good woman (a most powerful factor in influencing sailors). But the caretaker was always a fisherman steward, who had graduated with first-class honors on a Mission vessel at sea, a man who, the fishermen knew well, really loved to listen to their conversation about fish—fish—fish—or, say, the direction of the wind ten years before. No landsman but would be bored in time by it. Our object was to provide, not for what pleased us, but what would attract them. The Home was theirs. They had a right to go in and buy the refreshments there offered, and pay for a bed not attached to the saloon, when, as was often the case, their own home was in the country away from the sea. They could rent and be conscious owners of a locker to keep their 'store clothes' when they were fishing out of some port alone, away from their own wardrobes.

(To be continued.)

Hush!

If hours above in glory,
Were timed by hours of prayer
We spend in this our journeying,
How few we'd reckon there!

If what in heaven receiving,
Were like our giving here,
What wealth should we be missing,
How poor should we appear!

If angels' loving whispers
Re-echoed but the love
We here bestowed, how loveless
Our souls would be above!

I tremble as I ponder!
O God, awake my soul
To all Thy claims, while treading
Life's never-distant goal!

Heaven's mirror is before me,
Which earth's reflections bear;
Oh, may my pilgrim footsteps
Reflect a beauty there!

—Albert Midlane, in 'Evangelical Visitor.'

The Cause of Slow Progress.

(Dr. George Matheson, in the 'Christian World.')

'I have loved thee with an everlasting love; therefore with loving kindness have I drawn thee.'—Jeremiah xxxi., 3.

I understand the word 'drawn' to be used here as the opposite of driven.' I take the meaning to be: 'It is because I love you that I do not force you; I desire to win by love.' We often express surprise that human life does not reveal more traces of God's omnipotence. We see the visible universe subject to inexorable law and yielding submissively to that law. But man does not yield submissively; he resists the will of the Eternal. Why should he be allowed to resist? Is he not but an atom in the infinite spaces—these spaces that obey the heavenly mandate? Why not put down his insane rebellion and crush his proud will into conformity with the universal chorus? The Bible gives its answer. It is because love is incompatible with the exercise of omnipotence. Inexorable law can rule the stars; but the stars are not an object of love. Man is an object of love, and therefore he can only be ruled by love—as the prophet puts it, 'drawn.' Nothing is a conquest for love but the power of drawing. Omnipotence can subdue by driving—but that is not a conquest to love; it is rather a sign that love is baffled. Therefore it is that our Father does not compel us to come in. He would have us 'drawn' by the beauty of holiness; therefore he veils all that would force the will. He hides the glories of heaven. He conceals the gates of pearl and the streets of gold. He reveals not the river of his pleasures. He curtains from the ear the music of the upper choir. He obscures in the sky the sign of the Son of Man. He forbids the striking of the hours on the clock of Eternity. He treads on a path of velvet lest the sound of his coming footsteps should conquer by fear the heart that ought to be won by love.

O thou whose name is Love, it is by that name alone I can explain why things move so slow. But in the light of that name I understand; the pauses become musical, the halts are stages of the march. I have heard a man express the wish to be in thy place for one day; he thought he would reform thy universe. He would have spoiled it. He would have conquered the refractory child by killing its will. Not thus would Thy Divine Fatherhood be victorious. Thou wouldst rather draw by the cross than drive by the crown. Often it seems to me that this world of thine appeals more to the heart than to any other part of my nature. It is not all beautiful, it is not all poetical, it is not all intelligible, it is not all practical; but it is every inch pathetic. There is pathos in the starry night; there is pathos in the moaning sea; there is pathos in the monotonous stream; there is pathos in the song of birds; there is pathos in the human tear; there is pathos even in the rolling wheels of daily labor. Thou are leading me by weary paths—paths where I feel my brother's pain, paths where I touch my brother's thorn. Had I been a butterfly thou wouldst have tempted me by roses and hurried me through the field; but because I am a man thou hast drawn me by the slow cord—the winning of my heart.

The Power of a Living Bible.

A young man joined one of our churches. He was an intelligent, educated young man, and the son of pious parents, but through some strange influence, he got away from the teachings of his parents, and lost his faith in the Bible and in religion. He became an infidel, and would not allow any one to speak to him on the subject. He gave up going to church. He would not read the printed Bible, and so God sent him a living Bible, which he could not help reading. In his father's house a young lady resided, who was a relative of the family. Her fretful temper made all around her uncomfortable. She was sent to a boarding-school, and was absent some time. While there she became a true and earnest Christian. On her return she was so changed, that all who knew her wondered and rejoiced. She was patient and cheerful, kind, unselfish, and charitable. The lips that used to be always uttering cross and bitter words, now spoke nothing but sweet, gentle, loving words. Her presence brought only sunshine, instead of clouds. Her infidel cousin, George, was greatly surprised at this. He watched her closely for some time, till he was thoroughly satisfied that it was a real change that had taken place in his young cousin. Then he asked her what had caused this great change. She told him it was the grace of God which had made her a Christian, and had changed her heart. He said to himself, 'I don't believe that God had anything to do with it, though she thinks he had. But it is a wonderful change which has taken place in her, and I should like to be as good as she is. I will be so.' Then he formed a set of good resolutions. He tried to control his tongue and his temper, and kept a strict watch over himself. He was all the time doing and saying what he did not wish to do and say. And as he failed, time after time, he would turn and study his poor cousin's example. He would read this living Bible and say to himself, 'How does it happen that she, who has not as much knowledge, or as much strength of character as I have, can do what I can't do? She must have some help that I don't know of. It must be as she says, the help of God, I will seek that help.' He went into his chamber, and prayed to that God, whose very existence he had denied. He prayed earnestly. God heard him and helped him, and he became a Christian.—'The Young Men's Christian Magazine.'

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BOYS AND GIRLS

Little Gifts.

It was only a sunny smile,
And little it cost in the giving,
But it scattered the night
Like morning light
And made the day worth living.
Through life's dull warp a woof it wove
In shining colors of light and love,
And the angels smiled as they watched above,
Yet little it cost in the giving.

It was only a kindly word,
And a word that was lightly spoken,
Yet not in vain,
For it stilled the pain
Of a heart that was nearly broken.
It strengthened a faith beset by fears
And groping blindly through mists of tears
For light to brighten the coming years,
Although it was lightly spoken.

It was only a helping hand,
And it seemed of little availing,
But its clasps were warm,
And it saved from harm
A brother whose strength was failing.
Its touch was tender as angels' wings,
But it rolled the stone from the hidden springs
Though it seemed of little availing.

A smile, a word or a touch,
And each is easily given,
Yet one may win
A soul from sin
Or smooth the way to Heaven.
A smile may lighten the failing heart,
A word may soften pain's keenest smart,
A touch may lead us from sin apart—
How easily each is given!

—'The Baptist Commonwealth.'

Don't Be Cross.

Bishop Brooks was much attached to children, and had many acquaintances among them. In one family whom he sometimes visited there were four children, and they loved to gather around him, the younger two sitting one on each knee, and the older two leaning one on each shoulder. He would talk with them in this position for a long time, entering into all their childish affairs apparently with no less interest than was shown by the children. On one occasion a little girl, perhaps twelve years old, was telling him of some childish grievance, and concluded her story with the words: 'It made me real cross.'

'Cross,' exclaimed the bishop: 'why C——, I didn't suppose you were ever cross.'

'Wouldn't you be cross,' replied the child, 'if anybody had treated you so?'

'I don't know whether I would or not,' said the bishop, 'perhaps I should if it would do any good. Did it make you feel any better?'

'No,' said the girl.

'Did it make anybody feel any better?'

'No,' came the answer again, hesitatingly.

'Then,' answered the bishop. 'I don't see any sense at all in being cross, and wouldn't be again if I were you.'—'Ladies' Home Journal.'

Scruggles and Beauty.

There may have been a tougher boy on the East Side than Scruggles, but there is no record of the fact. He was twelve, a gamin of the street, a terror to the neighborhood, unkempt in person, and unregenerate as to his manners, not to say morals.

There was little that was reprehensible that he had not done. At an earlier stage of his career the roof garden of the Educational Alliance had known him, to the grief of all the teachers and the despair of the eminent philanthropists who took pride and delight in the reforming and educative influences of the methods so successfully used there. He had caused a riot by tying a fire-cracker to the tail of a cat at an otherwise well-conducted celebration; he had frightened a mother into hysterics by swinging her baby out over the end of the pier 'for fun;' he had caused a runaway that had almost killed a man, by slyly prodding a horse with a lighted brand, and had indulged in similar occupations which for some went under the head of amusement.

The police did not take the same view of it, and though he had never been formally under arrest, he had been hauled to the station-house of the precinct, and roundly lectured by the sergeant. Scruggles naturally glorified in this distinction, and boasted he would be arrested yet; whereby, I trust, it is clear to the unprejudiced reader that Scruggles had ambitions of his own. His world was bounded by the section enclosed by Second Avenue and the East River, between the City Hall and the Twenties, and it was rarely that he had been farther west than the Bowery, though, on a memorable occasion, he had made what was equal to a transcontinental journey by traversing the entire length of Christopher Street.

'Huh! It ain't much,' he announced on his return with the air of a traveller who has seen strange lands, 'Second av'noo's good enough for me.'

But Scruggles did not exhibit the red welts that were hidden under his tattered trousers, and did not hint that his body was so bruised and sore than he could scarcely walk. Instead, he swaggered and posed, as others of a larger size might have done, smoked the stumps of cigarettes he had gathered out of the street, and was great in his small world, and no one knew that his black-browed father, who would not care if he broke every commandment in the Decalogue, had nearly beaten the life out of him for what he called 'running away.' Beatings for nonethical reasons were familiar to Scruggles, and he maintained a strict privacy regarding them which did him no injustice.

After that, when Scruggles foraged out afield, he was cautious, and he succeeded in getting back from Central Park undiscovered and bearing with him a trophy which made him at once the envy and butt of the rest of 'de gang'—nothing more nor less than a dog, a beautiful little thoroughbred terrier.

Strange to say, the dog had cultivated Scruggles, something no animal had ever reason to do, and Scruggles had adopted him without knowing it. Coming out of the Park at the Circle, the little creature, apparently almost frightened to death, ran at him yelping and barking frantically, circling, turning, leaping, then crouching at his feet with an all but human note of keen distress in the shrill little voice.

For once Scruggles neither kicked the dog nor threw a stone at him; he was too much astonished, and not without reason. The dog was thoroughbred from the tip of his dear little nose to the extreme end of his tail, that ended in a high-bred curl. He was snow-white, and the fine hair was soft, fluffy, and silken all over his tiny body, now quivering with intense excitement. His eyes were blue and were scintillating with half shed tears, at least that was the impression Scruggles got, and he picked him up to investigate more closely. Then, for the first time in his rough young life, he felt the thrillings of fear shooting through the slender frame, and the vibrations in some mysterious manner had a new effect on him. He did not know what that effect was, but involuntarily he stroked the little head, whereupon the dog ceased yelping and gratefully licked his hand.

Scruggles was not the fainting kind; if he had been he would have fainted then and there. He looked furtively around him. In that jam and rush characteristic of the great entrance to the Park, no one seemed to notice him. The little dog seemed to realize that he had found a haven, and cuddled down contentedly on Scruggles's tattered and dirty arm; he was still panting and agitated; his body was hot and palpitating, and his tongue stuck out of his red mouth; he was evidently exhausted. He wagged his tail feebly and looked appealingly up into Scruggles' eyes.

The youth snuggled the dog a little closer, with an almost involuntary muscular action, and started eastward. And thence, all the way to Second avenue and Twelfth street he trudged to the insanitary shelter he called 'home,' carrying the tiny creature. Long before he had reached it the warmth of the small body against his arm, the unconscious trust, the utter helplessness of the tiny animal had awakened something in Scruggles, and no power in the world could have taken the dog from him without a fight 'to the finish.' When he finally reached his destination the dog was asleep. It was after eight o'clock, and he had had no supper, but as his father was on the Island for thirty days, he knew he would at least have no beating; so he curled himself down by the dog and, wearied by his long tramp, fell asleep also.

The next day Scruggles investigated the papers. Sure enough, in a pink evening sheet appeared this advertisement. 'Lost on Thursday, in Central Park, a Maltese terrier, answers to the name of "Beauty." Invalid cannot rest without him. Liberal reward.' Then followed a name, Randolph Mason, and the address, Seventy-second street, near the Park.

He did not know exactly what an 'invalid' was, but he found out from the nearest newsboy without betraying his ignorance. Then he went back to the dingy little room. 'Beauty!' he called to the dog. With dog cries of joy the little creature leaped up and barked until his quivering body seemed ready to burst. He raced back and forth across the floor, his graceful form a white flash, darting in curves and gyrations of delicate agility. Scruggles watched him, fascinated, then he took him up and held him against his face. Beauty, partly from hunger, partly from joy, partly from ethical motives licked the dirty countenance, and kept on licking until in that desert appeared an oasis.

'What's the matter with yer?' cried his sister, passing the door. She stood and laughed at him. 'You an' the dog's pretty sick,' she continued, 'an' half o' yer face is licked off.' She tossed a broken hand-glass toward him, and went out with a shrill laugh. Scruggles looked in it. Undoubtedly his face was clean where the dog had licked it. A dark red color crept up under this unwonted area. Scruggles looked at Beauty, and the dog seemed to smile a sagacious and approving smile as he wagged his tail. Without ado, Scruggles, still carrying Beauty, went down to the sink and washed his face, drying it with the remnants

of a sleeve. Then he consulted the glass once more. The effect was satisfactory, and Scruggles was not yet sufficiently fastidious to note the dark rim about the roots of his hair. In fact, it was a noble first effort. Beauty plainly signified his approval—an approval which did not extend to the unpalatable food which was the best Scruggles was able to afford him—but he ate with zest, and then showed a disposition to play and be played with, and the astonished Scruggles actually exerted himself for the most of the evening by associating with a dumb animal on terms of amity, after which, completing the day on the street, he was obliged to whip three boys who made fun of him for having a clean face.

The 'liberal reward' had now no charms for Scruggles. Beauty was his, 'to have and to hold,' and no wealthy invalid should have him again. 'I ain't sick,' he argued to himself, 'an' I kin give him a better time than he'd have shut up in a house, an' then bein' dragged out in a Park in a carriage an' bein' lost. Why didn't he hold on ter his dog? Ain't that so, Beauty?'

Beauty wagged his tail vehemently and he barked intelligently. Being a thoroughbred, he was not charmed with his surroundings, and for the same reason he made the best of them. Also, he was undoubtedly grateful, and possibly diplomatic.

At the end of the week, leaving Beauty safe in the seclusion of the dingy little room, Scruggles went on an exploring expedition to Madison avenue and Seventy-second street, and reconnoitred. Fortune favored him. A gust of wind blew the evening paper out of the hand of a maid at the basement steps to the servants' entrance, and Scruggles gallantly chased it across the street, captured it and brought it back to the woman, taking off his cap and bowing profoundly as he did so. The servant was not impervious to the chivalry of the matter, and Scruggles being clean and having persuaded his sister to mend his clothes, was not unpresentable; bright twinkling hazel eyes and a freckled nose lending individuality to his face. Conversation naturally ensued, and when in a few moments a summer storm broke in a sudden fury of driving rain and cracking thunder, the maid hustled Scruggles down into the servants' quarters, where, amid what was for him luxury, he sat down and was made much of, and surrounded by pie, cheese, the remnants of a shrimp salad and a marron glacé—not that he knew by name aught but the pie and cheese—Scruggles fed himself and elated his hearers with tales of the East Side. Incidentally he learned all he wanted to know about Beauty's former master, and the old debate of returning the dog came up in his mind as he trudged back to Second avenue for they had told him that Mr. Mason grieved constantly after his pet, and his rest was so broken that the doctors had to place him under the influence of opiates to get him to sleep.

Before he got back he decided that he would return Beauty. Then as the dog crept over the floor by him in the darkness and cuddled his soft, silken little body against Scruggles' bare breast, he felt the warm breath on his cheek and the little tongue licking his forehead, ears and chin, and something gave way within Scruggles and in the gloom a thing happened that had never happened to Scruggles in all his brief life—tears flowed silently down his cheeks, and, quietly weeping, he fell asleep.

The struggle that now tore him kept him in distress for three days. Beauty was pining. He resented the confinement and the close air. He missed his baths and the food did not agree with him. In dog fashion he entreated Scruggles, and on the afternoon of the third day, Scruggles borrowed a basket with a lid, put Beauty into it and started up town. This time he went to the front of the big brown stone mansion, and as he came in front of the steps a man, plainly a doctor, came out and was about to enter the waiting carriage when Scruggles stepped up and taking his cap quite off and bowing very low, said, 'How is Mr. Mason?'

The doctor turned in amazement, and regarded Scruggles for a moment before he said: 'Why do you ask after Mr. Mason, my boy?'

'I—I've got something for him,' said Scruggles. Beauty had succeeded in pushing the lid of the basket partly off, and poking out his alert little head, recognized the doctor, and gave shrill, sharp yelps of joy. The physician gave a start and grabbed Scruggles by the arm.

'Come in, quick,' he said, and almost dragged him up the steps. Through a sumptuous entrance hall, past a splendid library, past open doors that revealed every evidence of wealth, they hurried until they reached a bright, sunny room, the windows open, flowers on every hand, and on a luxurious couch near one of the windows an emaciated figure, lying white and languid on the pillow.

'Randolph!' shouted the doctor, 'look here.' He pushed Scruggles forward. Beauty, now wild with excitement, leaped out of the basket and rushed to the sick man, barking as dog never barked before. The invalid sprang up, embraced the dog, and with tears rushing down his face, uttered tender words of endearment, while Beauty, almost frantic, barked, yelped, and then, to Scruggles' envy and despair, began to lick his master's face. This was too much. Scruggles turned his head away, feeling such jealousy and blighted hope as falls to the lot of one deserted by a sweetheart.

'Come here, my lad,' said the sick man, and Scruggles went, and Beauty stood on his hind legs and looked from one to the other, with a look that plainly said: 'I love you both, and you must be friends.'

The doctor busied himself by writing on a little paper, and then said: 'You won't need this digitalis to-night, Randolph.'

'No, and I won't need it again,' replied the invalid. 'I'll get well now. What is your name, my good boy? Tell me all about it. John, bring a chair.'

Scruggles sat down on a chair so soft that it frightened him, and told the sick man all about it, listened to with great attention by the invalid, the doctor and all of the servants who could conveniently pass the door.

It was late when Scruggles left the big brown stone house and when he did he rode with the doctor in his carriage to Second avenue and Twelfth street, and there held brief converse with Scruggles' mother, who really meant well in her way.

To-day Scruggles is the trusted messenger in a Wall Street banking firm. They call him Edward now, and he is the support of his mother and sister, for the father disappeared after thirty days on the Island, and perhaps it was just as well, for now they are living comfortably in a modest, up-to-date apartment house, the latest result of the tenement house reform.

Mr. Mason is no longer an invalid, and Beauty is impartially devoted to both, at which you would not be surprised if you had the pleasure of knowing Beauty as well as I do.—'Christian Union.'

Why Not?

If fretting would help, when it's wet
To dry up the puddles, I'd fret,
And if sighing would help, when it's dry
To moisten the pastures, I'd sigh.

If scolding would help, when I'm cold,
To make the sun shine, I would scold;
If mourning would help the forlorn
To have joy and good fortune, I'd mourn.

If grieving would ever relieve
Their burdens who slave, I would grieve;
If weeping would shorten the steep
Way up to success, I would weep.

But to frown or to scold or to fret
Serves only to lengthen regret;
Why not give up grieving a while
And try the brave heart and the smile?

—S. E. Kiser, in 'Record-Herald.'

Think.

A little girl entered the study of Mezeral, the great historian, and asked him for a coal of fire.

'But you haven't brought a shovel,' he said.

'I don't need any,' was the reply.

And then, very much to his astonishment, she filled her hand with ashes and put the live coal on top. No doubt the learned man knew that ashes were a bad conductor of heat, but he had never seen the fact verified in such a practical manner.

Two boys of my acquaintance one morning took a walk with a naturalist.

'Do you notice anything peculiar in the movement of those wasps?' he asked, as he pointed to a puddle in the road.

'Nothing, except that they seem to come and go,' replied one of the boys.

The other was less prompt in his reply, but he had observed to some purpose.

'I notice that they fly away in pairs,' he said. 'One has a little pellet of mud, the other nothing. Are there drones among wasps, as among bees?'

'Both were alike busy, and each went away with a burden,' replied the naturalist. 'The one you thought a "do-nothing" had a mouthful of water. They reach their nest together, the one deposits his pellet of mud, and the other ejects the water upon it, which makes it of the consistency of mortar. Then they paddle it upon the nest, and fly away for more material.'—'Exchange.'

When the Carpet Rags Were Sewed.

(Alice Miller Weeks, in the 'Wellspring.')

Nettie stopped at the foot of the stairs in the wide hallway, and eyed with disapproval a heaped-up basket of carpet rags. She wrapped herself snugly in her long blue 'circular,' tied the salmon-colored ribbons of her best blue knit hood under her chin, and bent over the basket, lifting the gayly-colored lengths with both hands.

'All these for one afternoon!' she mourned. 'I b'lieve they're all hit-and-miss, too! They will make a pretty stripe, of course; but, oh, how I do hate to sew carpet rags!'

The bell of the front door jangled loudly, and Nettie jumped. 'Goodness, how that did frighten me!' she exclaimed to herself. 'I wonder who it can be, on a day like this!'

She threw the door open and admitted another girl, rosy and dishevelled from her struggle with the snowstorm raging outside.

'What—going away?' the visitor gasped, loosening the fur at her throat. 'I didn't dream anyone but me would venture out in

a storm like this! I was sure you'd be staying home!'

Nettie laughed. 'Mother's staying with Mrs. Whitman—she's worse to-day,' she explained. 'She's left these rags for me to sew and I was just going to take them over to Grossmutter's. Want to go with me? Or shall we stay here?'

'Grossmutter? Who's Grossmutter?' Blanche asked in surprise.

'Well, if you don't know Grossmutter, you had better come with me and make her acquaintance!' laughed Nettie. And taking the big basket on her arm, pulling the door shut with a bang, and thrusting her hands into a big furry muff, she went wading down the street with Blanche through drifts of newly-fallen snow. 'I know you enjoy it, so I feel perfectly justified in starting you out this way,' she said, as a gust of wind hurried them onward.

'You see it's this way,' she went on: 'When I was a little thing, we had a German girl named Anna working for us. She was such a nice girl—I can remember yet how she used to sing Ernest to sleep—those pretty German songs, you know, like "Tannenbaum" and those. Well, Anna saved all her money and sent over to Germany for her mother; and when she came, they rented a little mite of a house, and Grossmutter—that's Anna's mother—went to housekeeping all by herself, doing washing and things like that. And every night Anna went to see her; and they were as happy as could be.'

Here a flurry of snow was shaken down from an old maple right into the girls' faces. They laughed as they brushed it away; and then Nettie continued:—

'One night Anna went to a party. It rained and she took cold, and was very sick with inflammatory rheumatism. They took her to a hospital. When she was getting better, some one took her out driving, and the horse became frightened. He ran away and tipped the buggy over, and poor Anna's spine was hurt so badly that she's never taken a step since. It must be ten years ago that it happened. Her hands are all crippled with the rheumatism, but she tries to crochet and help along, and Grossmutter takes in washing and ironing and supports them both. Don't you think she's pretty brave?'

Blanche's rosy face grew sober. 'Poor things! I'm so sorry for them,' she said. 'But how can you bear to go there? Doesn't it just give you the blues? I b'lieve after I'd better go on home, and come some other time to see you!'

'No, you'll not!' cried Nettie promptly. 'You just wait,' she added mysteriously; and they plodded on through the snow in silence till Nettie stopped before a little wooden gate.

Grossmutter's iron thudded steadily back and forth over the frilled white petticoat on her ironing board, and her gray head bent lower as the falling snow partly obscured the light. Close beside her, patiently sitting in an invalid's chair, Anna was clumsily fashioning, with fingers which had once been so quick and deft, a square for a crocheted bed spread.

'I guess maybe Nettie come to-day,' Grossmutter said, in her soft, broken English. 'Mis' Villyums goin' to stay by Mis' Vitman. She tell me so last night ven I take de clo'es to her home. Maybe it storms too hart!'

There was a click at the gate, a knock at the door, and a merry stamping of feet in the snow outside; and Grossmutter hastened to open the door, her kindly, wrinkled face all wreathed in welcome smiles.

'Guten Tag, Miss Nettie,' she said, with a quaint, old-fashioned curtsy. 'Vell, you got company?'

'Guten Tag, Grossmutter; guten Tag, Anna!' Nettie curtsied back. 'Yes, this is my friend Blanche Woodbury. We've come over here to have a visit, and to sew carpet rags—at least I've come to sew rags!' And she made a funny face that set everybody to laughing.

The ice thus broken, Blanche soon found herself quite at home, and talking as blithely as the others. She threaded a needle, borrowed a thimble, and fell to work with Nettie on the rags; and Grossmutter, at Nettie's earnest request, began to tell stories of the good times when she was young. When she was young! Why, Grossmutter, in spite of gray hairs and wrinkles, was as light-hearted now as a girl! If she worried, nobody ever knew it; even poor afflicted Anna was cheery and happy!

The little wooden clock with its pointed steeple ticked the minutes merrily away till four o'clock, when Grossmutter stopped her work to make 'a cup of coffee.' Nettie then brought out, from the bottom of her basket, where she had kept them snugly hidden, a plate of light biscuit, a section of cold roast beef, and a glass jar of butter; and the four had a jolly little picnic lunch, finishing off with some of Grossmutter's famous 'Kuchen.' Blanche and Nettie cleared the things away, and washed the dishes. While Blanche was wiping the plates, Grossmutter came out into the kitchen for a fresh iron.

'How do you keep so happy?' Blanche whispered, suddenly. 'Don't you ever get blue?'

Grossmutter wiped the perspiration from her forehead with a corner of her apron. 'I laugh alvays so Anna be happy,' she said quietly. 'She has it so mooch harter as I do, you see. An' ven I get too olt to vork, de Lord he goin' to profide some vay, I know!' And she tried the iron, and went back cheerily to her work.

Blanche could not resist, a little later, asking Anna the same question. It was so perplexing to her to see people happy under these circumstances! Anna's beautiful brown eyes turned lovingly to her old mother, bending above her ironing table. 'You see, mother has it so much harder than I do,' she said, so softly. 'I'd be ashamed to get the blues when she's so cheerful!' And Blanche's rosy face looked more puzzled than ever.

Six o'clock came just as the last rag was sewed and wound up on the big ball. 'And now,' Nettie said, bringing out the wraps, we are going to make paths!' In spite of Grossmutter's protests, the two girls cleared away the heavy snow, which had stopped falling, and cut a good path all the way to the little gate.

'Such nice girls,' Anna said, leaning forward in her chair to watch the flying clouds of snow. 'Didn't we have a nice time, mutter?'

'Yes, sir!' Grossmutter said stoutly, unrolling out a red bordered towel. 'Nettie's a nice girl, and she got nice frients. Ve had a goot time!'

When, after good-byes had been said, and promises given to come again very soon, both Blanche and Nettie were hurrying homeward, Blanche said earnestly:

'You can't think how I dreaded going there Nettie! I never know what to say to sick people. But I never had a nicer time in my life! How can they be so happy and jolly all the time? I don't see!'

'Don't you know?' asked Nettie soberly. 'It is just because they are each thinking of the other all the time. They try so hard to keep each other happy that they forget they have any troubles of their own, I do believe!'

'That's the way it certainly looks,' mused Blanche thoughtfully. 'I shouldn't wonder, after all, but what that's the best way in the world to be happy. What do you think?'

Story of a Famous Hymn.

It is said that the familiar hymn beginning, 'I think when I read that sweet story of old,' has been sung in every language in which the Gospel is preached. The author, Mrs. Jemima Luke, is still living, at the age of ninety, in one of the suburbs of London.

There is an interesting story connected with the origin of the hymn. Mrs. Luke's father, Thomas Thompson, was one of the founders of the Sunday-school Union, and for more than sixty years an active worker in Sunday-schools. Evidently his daughters assisted him in this service. One day Jemima, who had a fondness for making verses, started on a short journey, and happening to be alone in the stagecoach, took a letter from her pocket and on the back of the envelope scribbled the first two verses of this well-known hymn. Then she taught both hymn and tune to the children of the school which her father superintended. It was his custom to allow them to make the first selection of what they would like to sing, and one Sunday afternoon they struck up this new piece of music.

Turning to one of his daughters he said, 'Where did that come from?'

'Oh, Jemima made it,' was the reply.

The next day he requested Jemima to write out a copy of the words and tune, and sent them to the 'Sunday-School Teachers' Magazine,' one of the early publications of the Union. The eidtor recognized its merit and had it printed. But neither he nor its young author, than twenty-eight years old, foresaw the way in which it would make melody for more than sixty years in thousands of homes and Sunday-schools all over the world.

Last July she sent this message to the Sunday-School Union, which was celebrating its centennial: 'May it ever be a union of hearts and of faithful, earnest purpose to gather the lambs into the fold of the Good Shepherd, and train them for his blessed service! And may it be ours whose term is nearly ended to welcome earlier arrivals with the joyous cry—

'"Lift your heads, ye gates,
Let the little travellers in."'

—'Morning Star.'

A Bird Strategist.

The following remarkable incident is vouched for by Mr. W. F. Eeaton in the 'C.E. World':—

As I was standing one morning at my garden gate which opens into Broadway, a sparrow darted from a tree near by, dashed swiftly past my head, and alighted in the middle of the dusty street. It fluttered violently about in a circle until a thick cloud of dust was raised above the spot. Then it rolled over and over in the dirt until its feathers were completely covered, then turned upon its back, tucked its head under its wing, and lay perfectly still.

Watching the whole performance and noting the perfect semblance to a pebble which the bird made, I was much interested to know what induced this strange performance, when a sparrow-hawk dashed past me on the same line upon which the sparrow had flown, and not above two feet from the ground; but the

dust prevented his discovering his intended victim.

All was now plain. The sparrow had been pursued by the hawk, and had raised the dust to cover its retreat and to mislead its enemy. After the hawk had flown past and disappeared, the sparrow sprang from the ground with a satisfied chirp, and flitted back to the tree from which it came.

Could reason more promptly and more effectually have met an emergency? Could it better have applied means to ends?

Her Pet Mastiff.

(William Rittenhouse, in the 'Morning Star.')

I know a little girl, in a town not far away, who had a splendid English mastiff for a pet. He was only a little puppy when her father bought him for her, and she named him Leo, which was a very good name, for, as he grew taller and tawnier, he looked very like a young lion. Marjory—that was the name of his young mistress—was more wise about the puppy's name, indeed, than she was about the puppy himself, for she let him get into the very bad habit of biting at the fingers of everyone who tried to pat him.

'Oh, he doesn't hurt,' she would say, and he did not, it was true. His teeth were so small, and his jaws so weak, that this playful biting—for Leo meant it only in play—did no harm to anybody. But as he grew older he sometimes snapped in earnest, and strangers had to be very careful about caressing him. Still, Marjory saw no harm in it, because he never bit at her, but licked her hand instead.

But one dreadful day Marjory was playing with Leo in the front yard. He was nearly a year old by this time, and very big and strong indeed. Marjory was trying to ride on his back, and Leo objected. Finally they both rolled over in a heap, and Marjory's foot came down with a good deal of weight upon Leo's paw, and hurt it. He turned and snapped, and as ill-luck would have it, his teeth caught in Marjory's floating hair. That bothered and angered the big, untrained creature still more. He began biting wildly, and poor Marjory screamed in terror. Her mother ran down from the porch, and tried to pull Leo off. By that time he had bitten Marjory's arm and cheek badly, and now he turned savagely on Mrs. Raynor, and bit her on the hand. Happily, just in the nick of time, Marjory's father happened to be coming home from his office. He rushed in at the gate, caught the big mastiff by the neck as he was leaping again at Mrs. Raynor, though he himself was bitten, too. Lo, and behold, when the deadly struggle was over, and Leo was tied up while a policeman was sent for to shoot him, the big dog, entirely over his fit of rage, wanted to lick everybody's hand and be friends again. But it was too late now to train so large and dangerous a creature, and he had to die, just because his little mistress never had taught him to be gentle, as she easily could have done.

This is a true story, as you would know if you could see the scars on Marjory's cheek—scars that will be there as long as she lives. Yet, after all, they are not so bad as the scars that some other girls and boys will have to carry all their life, because they are making the same mistake as Marjory's, but with a fiercer and far more dangerous creature, which has been given them to train, but which they allow to bite and snap at will. What do I mean? Well, I mean that if some girls and boys who read this do not begin and train that dangerous brute, a strong temper, they will have terrible and perhaps fatal struggles with it later on. Temper and will must be curbed and controlled in youth, or they are as much to be dreaded as a mad dog or a wild beast. Our prisons are full of criminals whose ungoverned wills have ruined their own life, and brought them to this punishment and disgrace. Homes are wrecked by the uncontrolled tempers of men and women who might have learned to be gentle and forbearing when they were boys and girls, but who let their chances go.

Are any who read this making Marjory's mistake?

If so, let them remember Marjory's terrible experience, and resolve to conquer temper before it gets too strong and fierce for any control and injures others as well as its owner.

A Boy Who Got 'Scrooged.'

The boy sat cuddled so close to the woman in gray that everybody felt sure he belonged to her; so when he unconsciously dug his muddy shoes into the broadcloth skirt of his left-hand neighbor, she leaned over and said, 'Pardon me, madam, will you kindly make your little boy square himself around? He is soiling my skirt with his muddy shoes.'

The woman in gray blushed a little, and nudged the boy away.

'My boy?' she said. 'My goodness, he isn't mine!'

The boy squirmed uneasily. He was such a little fellow that he could not touch his feet to the floor, so he stuck them out straight in front of him like pegs to hang things on.

'I am sorry I got your dress dirty,' he said to the woman on his left. 'I hope it will brush off.'

The timidity in his voice made a short cut to the woman's heart, and she smiled upon him kindly.

'Oh, it doesn't matter,' she said. Then, as his eyes were still fastened upon hers, she added, 'Are you going up-town alone?'

'Yes, ma'am,' he said. 'I always go alone. There isn't anybody to go with me. Father is dead and mother is dead. I live with Aunt Clara in Brooklyn, but she says Aunt Anna ought to help do something for me, so once or twice a week, when she gets tired out and wants to get rested up, she sends me over to stay with Aunt Anna. I am going up there now. Sometimes I don't find Aunt Anna at home, but I hope she will be home to-day, because it looks as if it was going to rain, and I don't like to hang around in the street in the rain.'

The woman felt something uncomfortable in her throat, and she said, 'You are a very little boy to be knocked about this way,' rather unsteadily.

'Oh, I don't mind,' he said. 'I never get lost; but I get lonesome sometimes on the long trip, and when I see anybody that I think I would like to belong to, I scrooge up close to her so as I can make believe that I really do belong to her. This morning I was playing that I belonged to that lady on the other side of me, and I forgot all about my feet. That is why I got your dress dirty.'

The woman put her arm around the tiny chap and 'scrooged' him up so close that she almost hurt him, and every other woman who had heard his artless confidence looked as if she would not only let him rub his shoes on her best gown, but would rather he did it than not.—Selected.

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A Beautiful Face.

'Mother,' said Emily Rand, slowly, as she placed an empty jelly-tumbler and unsoiled napkin on the dining-room table, 'you haven't an idea how much I enjoy going up to Aunt Hepsey's.'

'Did she seem as bright and well as usual, dear?' asked Mrs. Rand, anxiously, as she hurriedly laid the cloth for the noonday meal.

'I think so, mother, and she was delighted with the bread and jelly.'

'I imagine Aunt Hepsey's gratitude, which is always so genuine, is the secret of my little girl's pleasant visits there, isn't it, dear?'

'No, mother,' replied Emily, thoughtfully, as she took the knife tray from her mother's hands; 'it isn't that, for when I don't have anything for her it's always the same. It's her beautiful face that attracts me; and when I come away I always feel—why, I can hardly express it; but, I guess, sort of purified. I wish I had such a sweet face, for then everybody'd love me as they do Aunt Hepsey.'

'You can have such a face, dear, if you follow Aunt Hepsey's recipe.'

'Recipe, mamma? Why, that seems very strange. She doesn't do anything to make her have such an attractive face—course she doesn't.'

'She certainly does, Emily; and it's a recipe my own little girl may follow with like results. It's to think beautiful thoughts, and beautiful thoughts make a beautiful face. The face, dear, is the mirror of the soul, and what the soul thinks the face expresses. Never allow yourself to think sour and disagreeable thoughts, but only those which are pure, unselfish and sweet, and in time my little girl's face will be just as beautiful and attractive as Aunt Hepsey's.'—A. F. Coldwell, in Ex.

Beauties of the Vernacular.

This was the conversation between the girl with the gum in her mouth and the other girl with the gum in her mouth:

'Aincha hungry?'

'Yeh.'

'So my. Less go neet.'

'Where?'

'Sleev go one places nuther.'

'So dy. Ika neet mo stennyawer. Canchoo?'

'Yeh. Gother money?'

'So vy. Gotcher aptite?'

'Yeh. Gotchoors?'

'Yeh. Howbout place crosstreet?'

'Nothin' teet there. Lessgurround corner.'

'Thattledo zwell zennyware. Mighta thoughta that 'tfirst. Getcher hat.'

'Ima gettinit. Gotcher money?'

'Yeh. Didn'cheer me say I had it? Allready?'

'Yeh.'

'K'mon.'—Exchange.

A Hard Mistress to Please.

Misunderstandings sometimes arise from very slight causes, and occasionally one occurs which seems to prove that silence is not always golden. In this case trouble was brewed without a word being spoken. Young Mrs. Bond's Swedish cook was scrupulously neat about her work; but her figure was so unlovely and her countenance so unprepossessing that her over fastidious young mistress could never bear to look at her. Instead, whenever the young housekeeper found it necessary to interview her unattractive maid, she kept her eyes fixed upon a large black coal-scuttle that always stood beside the kitchen stove.

One day, as Mrs. Bond stood, as usual, in

the doorway gazing intently at the coal-hod while Matilda was telling what groceries were needed, the handmaiden unexpectedly changed the subject, and proceeded to give vent to the pent up feelings of many weeks.

'Vat for you all the tam luke at my's coal bocket, meesis?' exclaimed Matilda with evident resentment. 'Every day I scrob heem inside, and I scrob heem outside, until he vas just so clean as my can vash heem,—luke, meesis, I have scrob all she's skeen off heem, —but all the tam you luke—luke at heem like you tink I dondt wash heem at all! I neffer see no lady so particular about she's coal-bocket!'—Exchange.

Strange Customs of the Great Closed Land.

The interesting country of Thibet, beyond the Himalayas, has till every recently been closed against foreigners, from prejudice and fear, and it is enclosed from all the world by vast ranges of mountains, most of them clothed in eternal snow. Indeed, the land itself is not a very inviting one to live in, for the greater part of it is bare and bleak and barren, but there are fertile stretches that grow wheat and barley and peas, and many kinds of fruit. There are whole forests of apricot trees, which supply the people with their main food during the winter, and I don't think they could have much better than good dried apricots. I envy them this part of their daily diet. So highly valued is this fruit that, though all strangers are welcome to pull and eat as many as they like off the trees, they must give all the stones to the proprietor. He doesn't mind making a present of the flesh, but he must have the stones for growing new trees.

Thibet is a grand place for animals. With a population of only about three and a half millions to a country twenty times the size of Ireland, there is plenty of room for animals to breed and roam about unhindered. So bears, wild asses, antelopes, foxes, and hares abound. There are also great herds of the most famous and most useful animal in Thibet, the Yak, which is the chief burden bearer in the country, and which has done good work for our brave little company of soldiers among the mountains. It is so strong and sure-footed that it will carry a load of two hundredweight up the steepest mountain paths, and along the rocky edge of frightful precipices, where a goat could hardly keep footing.

Some of the customs and habits of the people are strange and peculiar. They have no written code of laws. Custom is the only standard. Punishment for crime is usually only fines or loss of property. In some parts the fine for murdering a man of the upper class is 120 bricks of tea (that is, tea powder from China made into bricks of about 2 lbs. each); for murdering a man of the middle class it is 80 bricks; for murdering a woman it is only 40, and for killing a beggar or wandering foreigner, 3 or 4. For taking the life of a lama or priest, however, it may be 300.

The great disease of the country is small-pox. To stop its progress from one place to another thorns are put here and there on the road to frighten the evil spirits that are supposed to carry the disease, and the bodies of people who die of it are thrown into rivers, but sometimes they are buried very deep in the ground.

The healing art is in a very primitive stage in Thibet. There are no real doctors at all, and among the common people the one great remedy for sickness of all sorts is butter, which is supposed to cure every curable disease. But great faith is placed in plasters too. If either or both of these remedies fail a lama is sent for, and his great resource to begin with is musk. If this doesn't cure he gives some vegetable decoctions, provided the herbs that he wants are at hand to make them. If not, he draws the shape of the leaves on a piece of paper, rolls it into a little ball and makes the patient swallow it, which is supposed to be next best thing to the herbs themselves. Often, too, the lama's remedy is paper balls on which prayers are written, and which the sick person has to swallow. I think this is a kind of treatment not much in practice in the medical profession in this country. Prayers, written or spoken, are good in their way, but one would think that the inside of the stomach is not the place for them.

The Thibetans appear never to have heard the proverb that 'cleanliness is next to godliness,' for although they are extremely religious, they are extremely dirty. They never wash their children, and only once a year do they wash themselves—in many parts not at all; and the poorer classes never change their clothing till it drops off in pieces of its own accord. After taking a meal, at which the fingers do the work of spoons, the hands are generally cleaned on the face—but sometimes on the boots as well, and women smear their faces with a black paste.

The natural color of the Thibetan skin is supposed to be a brownish yellow, but with the overlays of dirt upon it the exact color is uncertain. A French traveller asserts, in fact, that it is as white as that of a European. It is told of a priest who was once persuaded by a foreigner to scrub his face with soap and water, after which he got a view of himself in the foreigner's looking-glass, that he was overwhelmed with amazement and delight at the change. But when he appeared in the street, he was so ridiculed for his remarkable appearance that he never had courage to repeat the process. Surely when once that land is opened up it will present a wide field for Pears and Sunlight!—'Daybreak.'

Helpful Knowledge.

It is wise not to let an opportunity slip of acquiring knowledge, for at some time or other it may become very serviceable, as is shown by the two following incidents related in the 'Youth's Companion':—

'An express train, heavily loaded with sleepers for the East, was stalled at midnight not long ago in a two-mile tunnel near Wenatchee, Washington. The train was hauled by two engines, and the engineers and firemen of both were overcome by gas from the engines. A passenger named Abbott, awakened to the situation, forced his way to the locomotive, released the air-brakes, and let the train run down the slight grade into the open air. But for the knowledge which Abbott had picked up through questions and observation about locomotives and air-brakes, and his prompt heroism of action, probably all the persons on board the train would have been suffocated before outside help arrived.

Dr. Edward Everett Hale says that when he was a boy he learned to write shorthand 'for fun.' During the war he was sitting one day in General Butler's tent, and heard him send for a stenographer. 'Use me,' said Hale; and all the rest of his time in camp he acted as General Butler's personal secretary in the morning, and in the afternoon wrote out the letters and despatches from his shorthand notes. The experience was not only of great value to himself, but an important service to the Union cause.—'Wellspring.'

A Contented Mind.

No longer forward nor behind
I look in hope and fear,
But grateful take the good I find,
The best of now and here.

All as God wills, who wisely heeds
To give or to withhold,
And knoweth more of all my needs
Than all my prayers have told.

Enough that blessings undeserved
Have marked my erring track—
That wheresoe'er my feet have swerved
His chastening turned me back;

That more and more a providence
Of love is understood
Making the springs of time and sense
Sweet with eternal good.

—J. G. Whittier.

A Birthday Message.

This is your birthday. On the calendars
Of those who know you it is marked with gold,
As both a holy and a holiday.
You make us happy, and you make us good,
By simply being with you. You bestow,
And think you are receiving; like a rose
That marvels at the fragrance of the breeze.
We are most glad, since you were sent to earth,
It was while we are here; not hastened down
To shine amidst the shadows of the past,
Nor kept to grace some joyful future day.
But come to share our present as it is,
And leave to-morrow better for your stay.

—Marion Douglas, in 'Days We Remember.'

The Young Hero.

Nearly thirty years ago a boy was confirmed and partook of the holy communion with the older people.

The next day he went to school, and at recess some of those boys who like to serve the devil formed a ring about him and cried out:

'Oh, here is a boy Christian!'

What did the boy do? Get angry, kick, strike or swear? Not at all. He quietly looked the mocking boys in the face and said:

'Yes, boys, I am trying to be a Christian boy. Isn't that right?'

His tempters knew that he was right and felt ashamed. They broke up the persecuting ring and went to play with the brave young Christian. I call him brave because there are many men who could more easily storm a battery than stand to be mocked by the enemies of Jesus as that little boy did.

Where is that hero of thirty years ago today? He is president of a college and a great preacher of the gospel.—Michigan 'Christian Advocate.'

How Nora Crena Saved Her Own.

(L. T. Meade, in the 'Sunday Magazine.')

CHAPTER I.

(Continued.)

He rushed from the cabin, followed by the woman and the other man. Little Nora, too, started to her feet, and prepared to follow her mother into the storm; but her mother pushed her back rather roughly, and locked the door behind her.

She uttered an indignant cry at this, then ran to the tiny cabin window and tried to peer out; but the darkness was far too dense to allow her to distinguish anything.

'They'll never lave me so much as one spalpeen of a child to save,' she said, turning

away with a sob, and pouting her rosy lips; 'and I dhu want to save some one.'

Then she returned to her low seat by the fire, and, pressing her head against the dirty wall, fell fast asleep.

CHAPTER II.

Early in the morning little Nora was awakened by the sound of heavy steps and eager voices. Presently the cabin-door was unlocked. Her mother entered first, carrying in her arms a dead child; then the men came with other bodies, all of which they laid, with a kind of rude reverence, on the floor of the small cabin. A great ship had gone down in the night, and every soul on board had perished.

The woman sobbed as she related the story, and told how she saw, in the fitful light of the torches, the faces of agonized women and frightened little children; and then she added that in all her experience she had never seen the wreck of so large a vessel, or the wholesale destruction of so many human beings. As she spoke she occupied herself busily over the dead whom the sea had given up. But little Nora could not bear to look at the faces of the drowned people, and she ran hastily out of the cabin and down to the shore.

As she clambered up the steep rocks she said to herself, 'Well, well, and I might have saved that little baby!'

Nora, at eight years old, had a great idea of her own prowess. She was almost as much a water as a land creature; she could wade, and swim, and dive, and as to her capabilities for climbing almost impassable rocks, no little kid could be more agile.

To-day she ran fast, trying to escape from the faces of the dead men and women, and the sad thoughts which perplexed her little mind.

At last she came to a rock steeper than any she had yet ascended. This rock, rising high out of the sea, could only be approached at very low tide; and at its farthest base the waves, even on the finest summer day and at the lowest tide, dashed angrily; but at the side nearest to Nora the sand was left dry for about half an hour at every low tide. It was dry now, and Nora's experienced eye perceived that she had the full half-hour to undertake any scheme that might enter her active little brain. She had a scheme already planned—a scheme often thought about, often longed for. She wanted to climb that almost perpendicular rock, and look down on the unknown world of sea and wave at the other side. No doubt it was a dangerous feat, but Nora thought of no danger; here was her opportunity. Should she lose it? not for the world. With her bare feet—feet that had never known either shoes or stockings—she ran swiftly over the tiny bit of dry sand, and began to climb the rock. No boy or girl in all the village of Armeskillig had ever performed so daring a piece of climbing before. Nora knew this, and the thought made her redouble her ardour; panting, struggling, and clinging to little bits of sea-pink and other scant herbage, she still persevered. Such perseverance must bring success. In a very few moments Nora, trembling, but triumphant, found herself at the top. Here she rested for an instant, then looked down with eager eyes at the new and unknown world. For aught she could tell, the very sea might be different here, the very waves of another hue; her blue eyes danced as she looked at them, for what might she not see? What she did see, however, was a common sight enough to her Irish eyes—the very same waves, the very same sharp, cruel rocks, the very same foam, white and creamy; but there was something else which quite as completely astonished her, as if she had really beheld waves of crimson and rocks of blue, for seated on the sharpest and tallest of the rocks was a solitary human being, a person half-drowned indeed, and shivering, but of a totally different type, and dressed in a totally different manner, from any of the inhabitants of the village of Armeskillig. Nora clapped her hands and uttered a shrill cry at the sight of this unexpected human apparition. Her cry made the man, perched in this dangerous position, look up.

'Who are you?' called the child.

'A drowning man. Quick, child, for the love of heaven, get some one to come and save me!' called back the stranger.

'He was one of the men on the wreck, and they were not all drowned,' thought little Nora. Her heart beat hard and fast at the thought, for here, at last, might be some person left for her to rescue. All her little life, Nora had longed to save some one from the cruel, angry sea, and here at last might be her chance. She put up her two hands to her mouth, and shouted through the tube she thus formed—

'If ye'll plaze to get back inter the water, and swim, as fast as yer life is worth, to the left of ye, there's a bit of smooth water between two rocks, and when ye gets ahint that ye'll find druy land. Go quick, and I'll meet ye down low.'

The little curly head vanished with the completion of these last words, for Nora was clambering back again as fast as she could to the bit of shingle where she was to meet the stranger.

When she got back there she waited for a moment or two in a perfect turmoil of suspense—would the man come, would he venture? He was perfectly safe if he would only take Nora's advice. But would he trust her? Oh, why had she not waited at the top until she had really seen him enter the water? In her intense anxiety—for the tide was fast returning to the little bit of shingle—Nora fell on her knees, clasped her hands, and prayed—She rose again to find the strangtr sanding by her side.

'Now come quick home to mother,' she said, becoming practical in her intense pleasure and relief.

(To be continued.)

Prizes Easily Earned.

The result of the tenth week's competition is announced in this issue. It would appear that the boys and girls do not realize what an opportunity is open to them to secure $200.00 in gold.

The first one to start in any town or village has of course the best chance. The best lists so far are coming from villages.

The lists sent in are wofully small as yet. This is bad for us, but it makes it all the more easy for you to win the prizes.

Why don't you try? Even if you live in a small village you could easily beat the **largest** list yet.

The prize of $200 to be awarded next spring to the one sending the largest amount of subscription money (except Sunday School clubs for 'Northern Messenger') before that date promises to be easily earned and should be an inducement to effort.

Try your neighbors. They will appreciate our publications as much as you do.

The following are the successful competitors in the gold competition for the week ending December 24.

Last Week's Prize Winners.

First Prize—$10.00 to D. E. McDonald, Province of Quebec, who, besides the prize, earns $42.25 as commission, making $52.25 profit on his week's work.

Second Prize—$5.00 to S. H. Rankin, Province of Quebec, who, besides the prize, earns $14.00 as commission, making $19.00 profit on his week's work.

Full particulars of the gold competition will be sent on application.

A Bagster Bible Free.

Send three new subscriptions to the 'Northern Messenger' at forty cents each for one year, and receive a nice Bagster Bible, bound in black pebbled cloth with red edges, suitable for Sabbath or Day School. Postage extra for Montreal and suburbs or foreign countries, except United States and its dependencies; also Great Britain and Ireland, Transvaal, Bermuda, Barbadoes, British Honduras, Ceylon, Gambia, Sarawak, Bahama Islands, and Zanzibar. No extra charge for postage in the countries named.

THE FAITHFUL FRIEND.

Guarding His Master.

Of the many admirable traits of a good dog none is more praiseworthy and perhaps none has resulted in more good to the human race than the absolute fidelity of the dog to his recognized master. Stories are told in history and fable of how the monks of old were often able to rescue perishing travellers through the guidance of their faithful dogs. The illustration herewith shows to some slight degree what discomfort and pain a dog will endure to find and rescue a lost friend.

While crossing a mountain in a severe snowstorm the master fell and broke his leg and was thus rendered unable to proceed further. There was no assistance nearer than five miles and no messenger but the dog. He commanded the dog to bring help, and seeming to understand, the dog reluctantly left his master and darted away through the thick falling snow. Arriving at the nearest settlement, he set up a howl which brought several men out to learn the cause of his noise. The intelligent creature started away in the direction he had come, and as they did not follow, came back, howled again and again started away. By this time the men, knowing to whom the dog belonged, guessed his master was in trouble and prepared to follow him. As soon as the dog saw this he bounded back over the trail and when the men arrived they found the faithful animal crouching over the prostrate form of the man, now already covered with snow, striving with the protection and heat of his body to save the life of his beloved master. Not until they began to lift up the now insensible body could the nearly frozen dog be induced to leave his place as protector. Careful and tender hands finally carried the man to shelter and care, but there is no doubt that but for the intelligence and faithfulness of this canine friend his master would have perished of pain and cold.—'The Humane Journal.'

When Miss Helen Got Well.

(By Hilda Richmond, in 'Presbyterian Banner.')

The young lady in the big stone house on Elm street was very ill and all the boys and girls in the neighborhood were very sorry indeed. None of them knew the sick girl, but they wished with all their might that she would soon be well. It was rather hard on the little people for everybody said, 'Now, don't make a noise or play on the street a single bit because it makes Miss Chester worse.'

For the first week they hurried quietly past the house without a whisper, but as the weeks passed on and the pavement in front of the big house was still covered with carpet, their restless natures rebelled at the unnatural quiet of the street. The parents tried various plans to amuse them and the time went more rapidly. Mrs. Gregg took them all to a concert one Saturday, and in the evenings after school Miss Chester's friends amused them with walks and music and expeditions to games down town in the big hall.

But one day, as they went to school, the carpet was gone and at the window was a lady with a pale face and very bright eyes. She tapped on the pane with her thin hand and all the children stopped. Mrs. Chester came out on the porch and said: 'Children, Helen wants me to tell you how glad she is to be well, or almost so, again. If you had not been so quiet and kind while she was so ill, I am afraid she would not be with us to-day. She wants you to make as much noise as you please, for she likes to hear it now.'

How proud the children were to think they had given up their pleasure for the sick girl! Mr. and Mrs. Chester had just moved from another part of town before Helen took sick and did not know the people on Elm street, but they felt sure they must be very nice to have good, quiet children, and they were.

When Helen Chester was able to walk around in the sweet spring days, every boy and girl who lived near her home got a beautiful little note of invitation to come to her house the next Thursday at four o'clock. By special arrangement with the teachers the children were dismissed an hour earlier to be in time for the party, and at the appointed time they were all at the big house.

There were games and songs and music and fun of all sorts for the happy little folks. Then the girls went into one room, where Mrs. Chester pinned flowers on them while another lady gave each boy a button-hole bouquet. Such a jolly time as they had hunting for partners when the girls came back!

Little Ray Cline had to climb up on the sofa to see if his pink rose matched Miss Helen's, and wee Dorothy Severn got the tallest boy in the crowd. The tall boy picked up his tiny partner, placed her on his strong shoulder and said, 'I am ready to lead the grand march.'

And where do you think they went? Down the street and around the corner to the biggest hotel in town! The proprietor must have heard they were coming, for he met them at the door with a smile on his jolly face and led them to the dining-room, where a long table was covered with loads of good things. Most of the children had never been in a hotel before, and it seemed splendid to them with the bright lights and beautiful flowers. The blinds were closed and the mellow light made the silver sparkle and the glass glow like a fairy palace.

At first they were shy and silent, but when they saw the wonderful candy house in the middle of the table, and when the orchestra, hidden away somewhere, began to play softly, the little tongues suddenly loosened and Miss Helen knew her supper was going to be a success. With the snapping of crackers and the shouts of laughter over the funny verses wrapped around the candies, the children almost drowned the music.

'I wish I could take this dear birdie home with me,' sighed Ray, looking at the gay ice cream robin by his plate. 'It is too pretty to eat.' Just then the warmth of the room caused Master Red Breast's head to melt off so Ray had to devour it.

'I'm not glad you were sick, Miss Helen, but this is the nicest party we ever had, and we wouldn't have had it if you hadn't been sick,' said Nellie Trent.

'Three cheers for Miss Helen,' said Miss Helen's gallant little partner, scrambling to his feet in his chair. They were given so heartily that the landlord came running in to see what was the matter and he cheered, too.

Expiring Subscriptions.

Would each subscriber kindly look at the address tag on this paper? If the date thereon is Dec., it is time that the renewals were sent in so as to avoid losing a single copy. As renewals always date from the expiry of the old subscriptions, subscribers lose nothing by remitting a little in advance.

Grandma's Berry Pie.

I like to go to grandma's when
vacation days come round,
She lets me play out in the hay and
roll upon the ground;
She's good to little boys like me, and
gives 'em lots to eat,
And says she does not mind it if a
fellow's tooth is sweet.
Her things are always 'home-made,'
and they're better than you buy
You ought to taste, for instance,
some of grandma's berry pie.

She keeps it in the pantry, 'way up
on the second shelf.
And when you're good she tells you
you can go and help yourself;
I climb up on the barrel then, and
cut a great big slice,
And then the red juice oozes out,
my! doesn't it look nice?
I try to mind my p's and q's, as
grandma says I should.
If one's reward is berry pie, it pays
one to be good.

Some days I go a-fishin' in Mac-
Murray's pool for pike,
And grandma fills my dinner-pail
with things she knows I like;
I bait my hook and throw it in and
watch, till by and by
I seem to grow real hungry for a
piece of berry pie,
And as I sit upon the bank and
wait and wait and wait,
I wonder if the fish would bite with
grandma's pie for bait.

—Good Housekeeping.

How Harry Got the Best of the Boys.

(Emma C. Dowd, in 'Young Soldier')

Harry was a quick-tempered little boy, and the other children sometimes teased him, just to see his face grow dark and his eyes flash. There were six boys in particular that annoyed him on his way to and from school.

One day these boys were especially disagreeable, knocking off his hat and flinging sticks and pebbles at him. Finally Harry could bear it no longer, and, seizing the handle of his little waggon, he said:

'I'm going to get some stones, and if you don't go away I'll throw them at you!'

At this the boys laughed, and kept on with their hateful speeches. They did not quite dare to follow Harry down into the garden, but they stood around and waited for him to return.

The little boy picked up all the big stones he could find, throwing them into his cart.

'What are you doing, Harry?' called his mother from the window.

Harry told her a little hesitatingly. He feared she would spoil his plan.

'I have something better to throw at them than those,' said Mrs. Chapman. 'Dump them out, and bring your waggon around to the steps.'

Harry was astonished and pleased. He would never have thought of asking mother for anything to throw at those naughty boys. He wondered what it was.

Mrs. Chapman came down the steps with a bag in her hand—a bag and a cloth.

'How many boys are there?' she asked.

'Those same old six.'

'Well, here are six yellow balls to throw at them,' and she emptied them into the waggon.

Harry's blue eyes opened wide.

'Why, those are oranges!' he said.

'Well, don't you think they'll like them better than stones?'

'Maybe,' answered Harry, and he smiled in spite of himself—mother always did such unexpected things. He waited till she spread the cloth over the yellow balls, and then he drew the waggon around the house.

The boys were still waiting. They set up a shout when they spied him.

'Ho! bring on your stones,' they cried.

Quick as a wink Harry thrust his small hand under the cloth, and the next instant a yellow ball was spinning towards the ground. As one of the boys deftly caught it, Harry sent another in the same direction—another and another. Some rolled into the gutter where they were scrambled for, amid screams of mirth and delight. When the little cart was empty, each boy had an orange.

'Jolly kind of stones these!' cried one.

'Much obliged, little chap.'

'Hooray for you!'

'You got the best of us this time.'

And so, with honest thanks and pleasant words, they passed down the street.

Harry's face was dimpled with smiles, and his eyes shone.

'I guess those are the best kind of stones to throw at naughty folks,' he said.

'Is the Young Man Safe?'

(II. Sam. xviii., 29.)

'Is the young man Absalom safe?' saith he;
Let the King have prompt reply:
'Is the young man Absalom safe? Ah, me!
'Tis a parent's yearning cry.
They have fought his foes; the victor's won,
And the treason plot is dead;
But, oh! for the fate of a rebel son
His heart is heavy as lead.

'Is the young man safe?' 'tis the anxious thought
Of the throbbing hearts at home,
When a rumor of victory, dearly bought,
From the far-off field has come.
Has he fallen, smit, with the leaden hail,
Where the field is strewn with dead?
Or spared, shall he yet rehearse the tale
How his country's bravest bled?

Is the young man safe? He has found his way
From his boyhood's peaceful glen,
To a city life with its subtle sway
O'er the vassal souls of men.
In the whiff of a dainty cigarette,
And a coxcomb's posing air,
There is slender promise of fruit as yet
For a parent's pious care.

Is the young man safe, when the fuming cup
Is flushing his heart and brain,
And his baser self is rising up
In its strong desire to reign?
Let the tears on a mother's cheek so pale
The sorrowful answer be;
Or the tone of a father's stifled wail,
'Would God I had died for thee!'

Can the young be safe while the snares are rife,
And the tempter rules with power?
Shall they stand or fall in the mortal strife?
'Tis the question of the hour.
God smite the foe of our country's youth,
Frustrating his dire design;
And let our sons for the cause of truth
Be girt with a strength divine!

—W. Maxwell, in 'Irish League Journal.'

Jimmie's Account.

The dead twigs of the bare trees snapped and whirled hither and thither in the cold, sleety wind. Some of the twigs struck Jimmie in the face as he ran toward home, carrying his school books. He had found that the stinging cold did not pinch his feet so badly if he ran fast. Poor feet! A toe peeped out here and there through the rents in his old shoes.

Though Jimmie's feet were aching, his heart was full of joy, for he had in his pocket the last dime needed to pay for a new pair of shoes. Mr. Boulder had kept the shoes for him for two months now, waiting until Jimmie could make up the full amount, one dollar and a half. He had paid all but twenty-five cents, and the dime in his pocket, added to the fifteen cents hidden at home, would settle his bill and give him the shoes.

Jimmie was the son of the drunkard, Tom Hillbrecht. Although but twelve years old, this neglected boy was able to earn many a dime, which he sadly needed. His father often took his money away from him, and passed it over to Mr. Saybright, the saloonkeeper. Jimmie had learned that the only way to save [illegible] shoes was to hide some of his earnings. He did not leave his money in the house any length of time, for his home was a small, shabby place, and his father always succeeded in finding the hidden money.

When Jimmie reached the door of his home this cold wintry day, he did not burst into the house with a shout as most boys would have done; he was too cautious for that. He opened the door noiselessly and looked at his mother inquiringly. She seemed to know what he meant, for she shook her head and smiled at him. Then he eagerly cried:

'I have enough money to pay for my shoes, mamma! Can't I go right over and get them before father comes home?'

'Not to-night, Jimmie. The last stick of wood is in the stove, and you must gather some more at once.'

Jimmie never disobeyed his mother. After he had gone up the rickety stairs to his corner overhead, and hid away his precious dime, he got his cart and hurried off to the woodyard to gather up some refuse wood which the owner had kindly given him.

He had not been gone long when Mr. Hillbrecht came home. For once sober. He had no money to buy drink that day, and the bartender would not trust him. He had been a kind husband and father before the drink habit mastered him, and his wife still clung to him, never giving up hope.

He glanced at the table spread for the evening meal, and saw how meagre was the supply of food. Then a thought came to him, and he stumbled up the stairs to the loft overhead, to hunt for his long neglected rifle. He used to be a good shot; perhaps even now he could win the turkey in the shooting match next day. He took down the rifle, dusted it, and looked around for something with which to clean it. A wad of old rags was stuffed behind a rafter. He pulled it out, and down rolled something metallic on the floor. He stooped and picked up a dime. His eyes glittered. He could get his usual glass, and with the thought he started toward the stairway. But stop! There might be more money, so he shook out the rags, and there fell from them a paper wad. He undid it, and found another dime and a nickle. As he thrust them into his pocket, he noticed writing in figures on the paper. This is what he saw:

Oct. 2.—Paid Mister Boulder a dime. Earned it carrying water for Mrs. Green. O how my back ached.

Oct. 15.—Paid Mister Boulder 15 cents. Earned a quarter but had to give father ten cents for likker.

Oct. 25.—Paid 10 cents more on my shoes.

Nov. 2.—Got up at three and raked leaves for squire Green. Got 25 cents. He's going to pay Mister Boulder so father wont get it for likker.

Nov. 9.—Sold the bread bord I made at sloyd. Mother said she could get along without it as well as she had done. Got fifty cents and paid to Mister Boulder.

Nov. 20.—Tom Saybright twitted me to day of being a drunkard's son. My! wasn't I mad! 'Who made him a drunkard?' I sang out. Tom lafted and said something more hateful still about the frills on my shoes. O dear—shall I ever get new ones? Paid in 15 cents to-day. Only 25 more to pay.

Nov. 23.—Earned 15 cents. I wonder if I had some real heavy stockins if I couldent get along with these shoes. Mother needs so many things before snow comes. Couldent see Mister Boulder to-night. Father dident ask for enny money. Seems to have enough and is drinking awful. Mother cries a lot.

A flush of shame crept over Mr. Hillbrecht's face as he read by the fading light. He began to review the past years and to see to what depths he had fallen. He did not hear Jimmie coming up the stairs, and was only aroused by his little son's cry of dismay as he saw that his father had found his money.

'Don't take it from me, father!' he begged piteously.

The poor drunkard gazed at the handsome boy with his threadbare garments and tattered shoes, and then thought of the pampered son of the saloonkeeper. What made the difference? He knew, and he vowed that Jimmie should have a fair chance with other boys.

Taking Jimmie's hand, he said, 'Come with me.' Jimmie did not dare disobey, but as they left the house and went toward the business part of town, his little heart throbbed with fear and pain, for he felt that his father was going to the saloon to spend the hard-earned money. His father had never before taken him to the saloon, and as they stood in the doorway Jimmie held back, but his father drew him in and up to the counter.

'I've come to tell you that this is the last time I'll ever cross this threshold,' said Mr. Hillbrecht to the astonished saloonkeeper. 'I'm going to give my boy a fair chance with yours. It's my money and the money of such fools as these,' he added, as he looked round at the loafers who had been his companions, 'that keeps your family in such fine style, and gives them a chance to sneer at our ragged children. You'll never get another cent from me.'

Then he stalked out of the saloon, still holding Jimmie by the hand; he hastened home; father, mother and children rejoiced together. Traps and snares were laid for him, but he stood true to his vows and he became a good husband, a loving father, a true Christian and a law-abiding citizen.—The 'Presbyterian Witness.'

The Golden Goblet: a Christmas Story.

(Maggie Fearn, in 'Alliance News.')

(Continued.)

The old dame shook her head apprehensively.

'So traitorous an act has never shadowed a Christmas banquet in the castle hall,' said she, in an agitated whisper. 'The custom must be maintained. My lord's anger would never be appeased should any refuse. Once angered, he is said never to forgive, and the honor of his ancient house is dear to him as life.'

Like a statue, stood the beautiful lady; like a shadow fearing coming evil hovered the old nurse.

'When will my lord return?' asked the Lady Elvira. 'I would speak with him before he enters the banquetting hall. Aileen, let my order be made known. I have a word for his ear alone.'

The old dame curtsied low.

'Maybe, fair mistress, the Lord Roderick will be late at the chase, and will come back in haste,' she said.

The lady turned away restlessly, and at that moment the tiring woman came to seek her, saying it was time my lady should dress for the banquet. But all the fascination of toilette duties, and the grave importance of the tiring room, could not lift the cloud from Lady Elvira's white brow; and she hastened her attendant, and when the last touches had been added to the adornments of her graceful person, she threw aside the tapestry hangings, which shaded one of the high casements in her chamber, and looked out anxiously along the frozen highway, by which her lord should come. Why did he tarry? The impatience which had seized her upon the recital of the ancient story in the oaken gallery consumed her. There was a great outcrying in her secret heart against some hidden danger. How fast the precious moments were speeding past! Oh, why did not her lord return?

List! Were there not sounds of chargers' hoofs ringing on the icebound flinty road? The ringing of iron-shod hoofs, and the clang and clash of steel armour? But the hour was late, and already the banquet was prepared. She wrung her jewelled hands. Why was she hampered with those gleaming satin robes and loaded with priceless gems? She had a frantic desire to tear them off, and throw them aside in her hapless misery, and fly adown the castle corridors, and stairs, and kneel at her dear lord's feet, regardless of the frozen snow and icy breath of the winter night, and the splashing mire of horse and rider.

Yet she dared not, she dared not: and the moments flew on, and the herald sounded the summons to the Christmas banquet. She drew her gleaming robes about her, and choked back the suffocating terror which held her in its iron grasp. She cast one hasty glance over the oak carving before descending to the great hall, and saw on its cloth of crimson and gold embroidery the sparkling Golden Goblet. Then her little feet, encased in their white satin shoes, tiny as Cinderella's famous glass ones, twinkled from under her sheeny robes as she glided down the stairs into the banquet hall, where Lord Roderick awaited her with outstretched hand, to place her in her seat of honor at the royal feast.

'You were late at the chase, my lord,' said Lady Elvira. 'I would fain have spoken to you before the banquet.

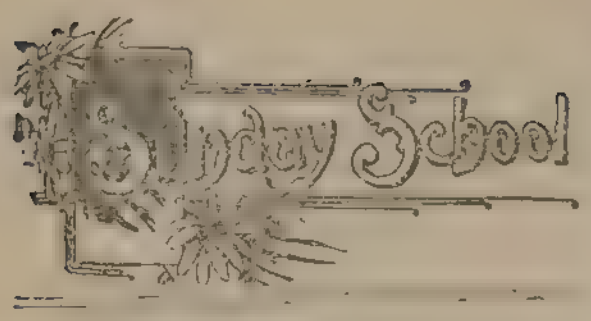
'You shall speak with me when and where you list, sweet mistress,' answered he, with light gallantry. 'My ear shall be for yourself alone, when the banquet is over, and thy speech will be the dearer to me for my long waiting.'

'Yet it was before and not after, that I would fain have spoken,' she said, faintly.

(To be continued.)

Sample Copies.

Any subscriber who would like to have specimen copies of the 'Northern Messenger' sent to friends, can send the names with addresses and we will be pleased to supply them, free of cost.



LESSON III.—JANUARY 15.

Jesus Wins His First Disciples

John i., 35-51.

Golden Text.

Thou art the Son of God: thou art the King of Israel. John i., 49.

Home Readings.

Monday, Jan. 9.—John i., 35-41.
Tuesday, Jan. 10.—Luke v., 1-11.
Wednesday, Jan. 11.—Matt. x., 1-10.
Thursday, Jan. 12.—Matt. xxi., 20-29.
Friday, Jan. 13.—Acts iv., 13-23.
Saturday, Jan. 14.—Acts xii., 1-11.
Sunday, Jan. 15.—Rev. i., 1-11.

(By R. M. Kurtz.)

INTRODUCTION.

We continue our study of John i., concluding the chapter with this lesson. The time of the events we now take up opens with the day following the testimony borne by John the Baptist.

Jesus is beginning his ministry, and we find him in this case selecting and calling out his first disciples.

Concerning the expectations of a Messiah at the time of which we are studying, Canon Farrar has said, 'We are informed by Tacitus, by Suetonius, and by Josephus, that there prevailed throughout the entire East, at this time, an intense conviction, derived from ancient prophecies, that ere long a powerful monarch would arise in Judea, and gain dominion over the world.'

So indeed Christ shall some day have full dominion over the world, but men were disappointed because their hopes were not at once realized. Upon this point, Farrar has this to say, 'It is important to observe that the true Messiah was so little the natural evolution of current Messianic expectations that coming neither as king, nor as victor, nor as temporal emancipator of his people, nor as a mere man at all, but as a divine and crucified Nazarene, he reversed and violated all the most cherished expectations of his land and age.'

We find Christ, then, expected yet misunderstood, beginning a ministry which reached men as individuals rather than as a nation, or as a race.

JOHN GIVES UP TWO DISCIPLES.

35. 'Again the next day after John stood, and two of his disciples;

36. 'And looking upon Jesus as he walked, he saith, Behold the Lamb of God!

37. 'And the two disciples heard him speak, and they followed Jesus.'

John the Baptist had his followers, or disciples, men who were seeking to learn truth of him. Two of these were with John the Baptist the day after his testimony to Christ, and as they were standing together, John saw Jesus walking near by, and again proclaimed him as the Lamb of God. The word, 'Behold' is an exclamation, as though he, seeing Christ, exclaimed, 'Behold! the Lamb of God!' John had no thought of his own glory. He stood simply to point even his own followers away from himself to Christ.

This was enough for the two disciples. They were prepared in heart to follow Christ when he was pointed out to them, and without demonstration or ceremony they turned from the forerunner of the Messiah to Christ himself.

JESUS CALLS TWO DISCIPLES.

38. 'Then Jesus turned, and saw them following, and saith unto them. What seek ye? They said unto him, Rabbi, (which is to say, being interpreted, Master,) where dwellest thou?

39. 'He saith unto them, Come and see. They came and saw where he dwelt, and abode with him that day: for it was about the tenth hour.'

So these men, who have been disciples of John, now follow after Jesus, and he as though hearing them approaching, turns and opens the conversation with the simple question, 'What seek ye?' that is, what will you have, or what do you wish to know? For the sincere seeker, Christ makes the coming to himself as easy as possible; he does not hide himself or repel, but welcomes with the encouraging word.

In response to the opening question of Jesus, the two ask where he dwells. This seems a bit singular, but, by such a question, they indicate a desire to see him where they might talk with him privately, and, it being about the tenth hour, or four p.m., they abode with him that day.

They showed what they expected from him by the way they addressed Christ, for they called him Rabbi. This was a title of honor which the Jews were accustomed to apply to learned men and teachers.

We think of the privilege enjoyed by these two disciples as of something special, and an experience not to be enjoyed to-day. Outwardly, physically, and as the natural man sees things we cannot, but in the deep spiritual sense, not comprehended by the world, we can enjoy the great Presence in our own lives to-day.

'Behold, I stand at the door and knock, if any man hear my voice, and open the door, I will come in to him, and will sup with him, and he with me.'

'AND HE BROUGHT HIM TO JESUS.'

40. 'One of the two which heard John speak, and followed him, was Andrew, Simon Peter's brother.

41. 'He first findeth his own brother Simon, and saith unto him, We have found the Messias, which is, being interpreted, the Christ.

42. 'And he brought him to Jesus. And when Jesus beheld him, he said, Thou art Simon the son of Jona: thou shalt be called Cephas, which is by interpretation, A stone.'

Andrew is mentioned as one of the two who heard John the Baptist speak. The other was probably John, the writer of this Gospel, who does not mention his own name when unnecessary. He is not writing to tell of his own words and deeds, but those of Christ.

Having spent a season with his newly found Lord, Andrew, as in the case of hosts of converts since his day, started out to win others to the Saviour. He thus becomes the first personal worker among the disciples of Christ, so far as we have record. Naturally his first concern was toward his own family, and Simon Peter was soon found and led to Christ.

Andrew says, 'We have found the Messias,' that is, the Messiah. This was the Hebrew word for the Christ. Both 'Messiah' and 'Christ' mean 'the anointed one,' anointed as the king and high priest were anointed. This statement of Andrew is another indication of the widespread expectancy that the long looked for Messiah was at hand. Evidently both Andrew and Peter shared this belief, and now Andrew simply announces that the Messiah is found.

But it was not enough simply to bear the news to Simon, mark that, Andrew completed his personal work for his brother by bringing him to Christ.

Concerning Christ's reception of Peter, the Revised Version says, 'Jesus looked upon him, and said,' etc. He looked at the newcomer as though searching his very soul, and reading his nature, and that he did read it aright we see from what he says. 'Thou shalt be called Cephas' (which is by interpretation, Peter.) (Revised.) The word 'Peter,' in the original means, 'a stone,' and the revisers have simply given us the word as a proper name. Peter's character, with all his faults, partook of the firmness of a rock, and he became later to be more like his new name as his Christian life progressed.

A DOUBTING HEARER.

43. 'The day following Jesus would go forth into Galilee, and findeth Philip, and saith unto him, Follow me.

44. 'Now Philip was of Bethsaida, the city of Andrew and Peter.

45. 'Philip findeth Nathanael, and saith unto him, We have found him of whom Moses in the law, and the prophets did write, Jesus of Nazareth, the son of Joseph.

46. 'And Nathanael said unto him, Can there any good come out of Nazareth? Philip saith unto him, Come and see.'

The events thus far recounted in these lessons took place in the wilderness about Jordan, but Jesus, now beginning his ministry, would go out into the more populous country. The day after Peter was brought to him, apparently as he was about to set out for Galilee, Jesus found Philip and bade him follow him.

Philip like Andrew immediately becomes a soul winner and finds Nathanael, and tells him the wonderful news that the one foretold by Moses and the prophets has at last appeared as Jesus of Nazareth. We see again how familiar the Jews were with these prophecies.

But Nathanael was not ready to believe that any good thing could come from that humble little village. How was it possible to expect the great Messiah from such a quarter. Men make this mistake only too frequently. They judge one by external circumstances, instead of coming to know the person's true self.

Now, Nathanael seems also to have betrayed a certain lack in his own knowledge of the Scriptures or he would have remembered that it was prophesied that Christ was to be called a Nazarene.

But Philip wasted no time in argument. He simply said, 'Come and see.' Wise Philip. How often we strive to prove Christ to men rather than to bring men to Christ!

THE DOUBTER CONVINCED.

47. 'Jesus saw Nathanael coming to him, and saith of him, Behold an Israelite indeed, in whom there is no guile!

48. 'Nathanael saith unto him, Whence knowest thou me? Jesus answered and said unto him, Before that Philip called thee, when thou wast under the fig tree, I saw thee.

49. 'Nathanael answered and saith unto him, Rabbi, thou art the Son of God; thou art the King of Israel.

50. 'Jesus answered and said unto him, Because I said unto thee, I saw thee under the fig tree, believest thou? thou shalt see greater things than these.

51. 'And he saith unto him, Verily, verily, I say unto you, Hereafter ye shall see heaven open, and the angels of God ascending and descending upon the Son of man.'

When Nathanael appeared Christ spoke of him as 'an Israelite indeed, in whom is no guile.' That is he was not a hypocrite, observing the Jewish laws in a formal and outward way, but was obeying them sincerely and honestly. You see Nathanael had a good moral record, but this was not enough. He had not yet confessed his Saviour, but is speedily convinced of the divinity and kingship of Christ by Christ's revealing his miraculous knowledge of Nathanael and his whereabouts. Then Nathanael calls him the Son of God and King of Israel, referring to Christ's divinity and to his place as the long promised head of the chosen people.

Jesus inquires whether Nathanael believed simply because Jesus had thus shown his power of miraculous vision, and then tells him that more wonderful things by far are before him.

From the work of the two early disciples, Andrew and Philip, we get the name of a well known society of soul winners, a name chosen because of the work of these two men, as here related.

The lesson for January 22 is, 'The First Miracle in Cana.' John ii., 1-11.

C. E. Topic.

Sunday, Jan. 15.—Topic—Am I my brother's keeper? Gen. iv., 8-15. (A temperance topic.)

Junior C. E. Topic.

THE THIRD COMMANDMENT.

Monday, Jan. 9.—'Ye shall not swear.' Lev. xix., 12.

Tuesday, Jan. 10.—'I will be hallowed.' Lev. xxii., 32.

Wednesday, Jan. 11.—'Hallowed be thy name.' Matt. vi., 9.

Thursday, Jan. 12.—'Swear not at all.' Matt. v., 33-37.

Friday, Jan. 13.—'Let your yea be yea.' Jas. v., 12.

Saturday, Jan. 14.—'Holy is his name.' Ps. cxi., 9.

Sunday, Jan. 15.—Topic—Taking God's name in vain. Ex. xx., 7.

Correspondence

Dear Correspondents,—If any of you have any motto for the New Year, we would be glad to hear it. We are soon going to publish your votes in regard to the letters of a certain number of the 'Messenger.' Since that number there have been some very interesting letters, so we want you to fill up the following form and send it to us not later than the twentieth of January. Under the heading 'Reasons,' you might make a short but pointed remark. The number of the letter should correspond to that of its reason for interesting you.

CORRESPONDENCE EDITOR.

Names of Correspondents whose letters I most enjoyed.	DATE.
1.	Dec.....1904
2.	Dec.....1904
3.	Dec.....1904
4.	Dec.....1904
5.	Dec.....1904

REASONS.

1. .. ..
2. .. ..
3. .. ..
4. .. ..
5. .. ..

Cross Roads.

Dear Editor,—This is my first letter to the 'Messenger.' We have for pets one cat and two kittens and one dog. I like the 'Messenger' very much. My teacher's name is Miss C. It only takes me a little while to go to school. I have one sister and her name is Edith K. S. She is seven years old, and in the third grade, and I am in the fifth grade. We have two cows and seven head of young cattle, one colt and one horse. I was eleven years old last May.

STELLA L. S.

Dear Editor,—My aunt sends me the 'Messenger,' and I like it very much. I live in Eagle Grove, Iowa. My grandma lives in Galt, Ont. Papa and mamma lived in Canada when they were little. Iowa is prairie country. I am ten years old, and have some skates. I have been to Ontario five times. We lived in Toronto for two years. They grow much corn here. I like to read.

FLORENCE H.

Sourisford.

Dear Editor,—I live near the famous mounds of Souris. I live with my father, mother, two sisters and two brothers, two older than myself and two younger. My father owns one quarter of a section in the Souris Valley, and two quarters in the valley is covered with water, as the Souris river runs across one side. Our house and buildings are on the hill. We have seventeen pigs, two sheep and fourteen cattle and eight horses. I am twelve years old, and the last two years I and my oldest brother, who is now sixteen years old, have done the stocking of the farm. I have taken the 'Messenger' for over three years, and like it very much. I like to read the boys' and girls' letters, and read the stories in the 'Messenger.' I am four feet tall, and I go to the Sourisford school, two miles from here. We cross the North Antler when we are going to school, and the water sometimes runs over the bridge, so we cannot get to school.

ARCHIE T.

Whitevale.

Dear Editor,—I like reading the letters in the 'Messenger' very much, and I shall try to write one. I live on a farm not far from the village of Whitevale, and have made up my mind to be a farmer. My uncle has a lane running through his bush, and our Scotch collie and I have good times when we drive the cows through the woods to the back pasture. We have six horses, twenty-six cattle, fifty pigs and some sheep. I like to go to school, and sometimes I get marks for good conduct. Our Sunday-school is in the morning, and the smallest girl in the school, whose name is Mabel, can always say the Golden Text. I have one grandfather, and he is past eighty-five years old. My grandma is living, too. Last March auntie and I were in Toronto, and I liked riding in the street cars. I was nine years old last April.

GEORGE SAMUEL W.

Knowlesville, N.Y.

Dear Editor,—I never knew there was such a nice paper as the 'Messenger' until my grandma subscribed for it for my Christmas present. I think it is the best present I ever had. I am ten years old. I was born on New Year's Day. I have a brother fourteen years old, and a sister six years old. Also a little brother four years old. My grandpa is seventy, and my grandma is sixty-six. Grandpa is baldheaded, and he does not smoke nor chew tobacco, neither do I. I go to school, and I am in the sixth grade. I have a pet sheep, and I had a pig, but I sold it to pa, and he butchered it. Pa has a nice pony that can trot like a scared cat.

WARREN H. T.

West Gravenhurst, Ont.

Dear Editor,—I am going to write you a description of Gravenhurst. I reside in the west part of the town. Gravenhurst is situated between two waters, Gull Lake and Muskoka Bay. Muskoka wharf is on the west part of the town, and it is also situated with four large lumber mills and one large shingle mill. This mill runs five months in the season, and employs about three hundred men. The mills cut a large amount of lumber, lathes and shingles. We have very heavy winters here. The snow last winter was four feet on the level. We have just now one foot of snow. There are two sanitariums for consumptives, and one private sanitorium. Wishing you all a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year,

CLARA L.

Beckerton, N.S.

Dear Editor,—I have been taking the 'Messenger' for nearly a year, and like it very much. I can hardly wait till it comes. I live in a place called Port Beckerton,. I have three children, two sons and one daughter, all married. Two sons are married at home. This is a busy little place in summer, chiefly with the fishermen. A steamer calls twice a week. We have two churches there, one Church of England, one Baptist. I belong to the Church of England. We go to both churches. We had a wreck on a recent Friday. I was down to see it. We had a wedding the same day, and had a very nice time. We have a telephone here now, which will be an improvement in the place, as we live twenty miles from a doctor. A Happy Christmas and a Happy New Year.

'MOTHER.'

Central Economy, N.S.

Dear Editor,—I go to school almost every day, and I like my teacher very much. I have taken the 'Messenger' for a long while. My mother is dead; she died when I was about two years old. I have two uncles out in Washington, over the bay, and two in Springhill. I live near the seashore. I love to read the story about 'Ada's Victory.' I live with my grandma. We have no pets except a dog. I have one aunt at home. I wonder if any little girl's birthday is on the same day as mine, Nov. 16. I was eleven years old last birthday. I will try and write more the next time.

MILDA MAY M.

Beulah, Man.

Dear Editor,—Since I have seen my last letter in print, I have decided to write again, we are having cold weather now. It is snowing to-day. My grandma that lived three and half miles from here has moved into Beulah in a house across from ours. On Friday my grandma in Colorado died. We received the telegram that she died on the 29th. The church service is in the morning to-day, so I have not gone to Sunday-school yet.

HARRY W. P.

Dalkeith, Ont.

Dear Editor,—This is my third letter to the 'Messenger.' We get it in our Sunday-school, and like it very much. My aunt teaches me. She went away last summer. We were very glad to see her back. I go to school. I am in the third book. My teacher's name is Miss E. M. C. We like her very much. We had a concert in our school last autumn. I took part in 'The Flag Drill' and 'Old Fashioned Flower Garden.' There were songs, drills, recitations. I also had a recitation. I have read a few books, some of which are: 'The Man from Glengarry,' 'Glengarry School Days,' 'Alice in Wonderland,' 'Jessica's First Prayer,' 'Little Meg and Her Children,' 'Gentle Gracie,' 'Little Henry and His Bearer,' and 'David Lyall's Love Story.' I had an Indian Teepee last summer in the orchard. It was ten feet across and ten feet high. I slept in it twice.

SADIE E. McL. (aged 10).

Old Gentleman—'Do you mean to say that your teachers never thrash you?' Little Boy—'Never! We have moral suasion at our school.' Old Gentleman—'What's that?' Little Boy—'Oh, we get kep' in, and stood up in corners, and locked out, and locked in, and made to write one word a thousand times, and scowled at and jawed at, and that's all.'—'Golden Days.'

Boys and Grils,

Show your teacher, your superintendent or your pastor, the following 'World Wide' list of contents.

Ask him if he thinks your parents would enjoy such a paper.

If he says yes then ask your father or mother if they would like to fill up the blank Coupon at the bottom of this column, and we will send 'World Wide' on trial, free of charge, for one month.

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The following are the contents of the issue of Dec. 24, of 'World Wide':

ALL THE WORLD OVER.

Christmas and the Cynics—A Little Lay Sermon—Stephen Chalmers, in the New York 'Times.'
Christmas in Storm-land—Harold Begbie, in the 'Weekly Scotsman,' Christmas Number.
Two Adventuresses—The New York 'Evening Post.'
The Italian General Elections—Salvatore Cortesi, in the 'Speaker,' London.
Sidelights of the War—T. P., in 'T. P.'s Weekly,' London.
In the Suez Canal—Impressions of the Baltic Fleet—The Manchester 'Guardian.'
Most Famous Ruins in the World—The 'Morning Post,' London.

SOMETHING ABOUT THE ARTS.

The Christ of the Artists—The 'Daily News,' London.
Understanded of the People—The 'Musical News,' London.
The Royal Academy—The 'Morning Post,' London.
Sir Henry Irving at Aberdeen—The 'Morning Post,' London.
Paris Revival of Colored Engravings—The Brooklyn 'Daily Eagle.'

CONCERNING THINGS LITERARY.

A Dream-Song—Lady Lindsay.
'A Bell'—From Lyrics and Legends of Christmas-tide—By Clinton Scollard.
The Christmas Tree—Poem, by Alice Ward Bailey, in the 'Outlook.'
The Things You Couldn't Buy—Poem, by Anna Burnham Bryant, in the 'Congregationalist,' Boston.
Dickens's Christmas.
Two Views of 'The Simple Life'—Pastor Wagner's Work Compared with one by President Eliot—Grace Savage Seldon, in the New York 'Evening Post.'
Fernand's Visit to New York—It Brought Prompt Conversion to the Simple Life—Being a Story Concerning His Cousin, told by Henri Bourasse, in the New York 'Evening Post.'
'Do We Get Our Deserts?'—O. S., in 'Punch,' London.
The Disraeli Centenary—The New York 'Times' Saturday Review.
John White Chadwick, Preacher-Author, Dead—The Brooklyn 'Eagle.'
The Deserted—Poem, by John White Chadwick.
Mr. George Russell and the 'North American Review'—'The Author,' London.
Judge Jeffrey's Rival—The Quaint Memoir of Sir John King—X., in the 'Week's Survey,' London.

HINTS OF THE PROGRESS OF KNOWLEDGE.

Greek at Oxford—The 'Morning Post,' London.
Greek at Cambridge—The Manchester 'Guardian.'
Mr. Kipling's Ideas for a School Library—'T. P.'s Weekly,' London.
Mysteries of Heredity—The 'Daily News,' London.
Poles are Shifting—Efforts to Solve an Interesting Problem—John Elfreth Watkins, in Washington 'Star.'
Science Notes.

THINGS NEW AND OLD.

HOUSEHOLD.

Comforted.

We are like little children:
When we are weak with pain,
And sorrow has overshadowed us,
We want our mothers again.
Why do the mothers die so soon,
Whom we are fain to keep?
Why do they pass away to heaven,
And leave us lone to weep?
Listen, O hearts that are sad for love,
To what God the Lord can do:
'As one whom his mother comforteth,
So will I comfort you.'

Who can be like a mother,
Hushing her child to rest?
We cannot outgrow the longing
To lie on the mother's breast.
The mother-love is so wonderful,
To pardon and help and bless,
And, even tho' we have erred and sinned,
They do not love us less.
Mothers have arms so strong and kind,
And hearts most tender and true:
'As one whom his mother comforteth,
So will I comfort you.'

Lord, who hast been my Father,
Lifting my heart to Thee,
Thou art my consolation
When the darkness covers me;
Even a mother-love I find
When I cling to Thee alone,
I am as weak as a little child,
But still I am all Thine own;
Pardon me, pity me, give me grace,
For I know Thy word is true:
'As one whom his mother comforteth,
So will I comfort you.'
—Marianne Farningham.

Don't Cross Your Knees.

A medical authority has recently uttered a warning against the habit of sitting with one knee crossed over the other—a pose which is nowadays almost as common among women as among men. This apparently harmless habit, it seems, is likely to cause sciatica, lameness, chronic numbness, ascending paralysis, cramps, varicose veins, and other evils. The reason is simple: The back of the knee, it is explained, as well as the front of the elbow and wrist, the groin and the armpit, contains nerves and blood-vessels, which are less adequately protected than in other parts of the body. The space behind the knees contains two large nerves, a large artery, as well as numerous veins and lymphatic glands. It is the pressure on these nerves and vessels which is apt to give rise to the various troubles against which we are warned.—'Harper's Weekly.'

For the Sick Room.

One of the most convenient articles to be used in a sick-room is a sand bag. Get some clean fine sand; dry it thoroughly in a kettle on the stove. Make a bag about eight inches square, of flannel, fill it with dry sand, sew the opening carefully together and cover the bag with cotton or linen. This will prevent the sand from sifting out and will also enable you to heat the bag quickly by placing it in the oven, or even on top of the stove. After once using this you will never again attempt to warm the feet or hands of a sick person with a bottle of hot water or a brick. The sand holds the heat a long time, and the bag can be tucked up to the back without hurting the invalid. It is a good plan to make two or three of the bags and keep them on hand ready for use at any time when needed.—'N.W. Advocate.'

Stale Bread.

Slices of bread may be cut into half-inch cubes and browned in the oven or fried in hot, deep fat, and served as croutons in soups. Many a child who does not care for soup will make a wholesome lunch of soup and croutons, if the latter are served hot and crisp but not too greasy in a separate bowl so he may drop them in and enjoy them while still crisp. Whole slices may be dipped in beaten egg and milk (one egg to one cupful and four slices), and browned in hot butter, and served as egg toast with syrup with a sweet sauce for dessert. Another favorite is sandwiches made with jam, and dipped in batter, then fried in hot lard, like doughnuts.

To Clean Gloves.

A way to clean gloves with naphtha is highly recommended by those who have tried it. Fill a wide-mouthed bottle or small jar with naphtha and put the gloves in it, covering it closely. Leave for forty-eight hours, shaking perhaps once or twice gently, then take out the gloves and hang in the air. The odor of the naphtha dissipates as quickly after this long bath as when the liquid is applied less generously with a bit of silk. As no rubbing of the glove is needed, the objectionable streaks left sometimes after rubbing are done away with, and, most important of all, the absence of all friction during the operation lessens any dangerous possibilities in the use of this easily exploded liquid.

My Neighbor's Child.

(Rose Wood-Allen Chapman, in the Boston 'Congregationalist.')

Six-year-old Ruth was spending the afternoon at the home of a little friend. In the midst of their play, the mother appeared, and, with the kindest intention in the world, handed each child a cookie. Putting her hands behind her, Ruth shook her head slowly and said, 'My mamma doesn't allow me to eat between meals.'

Her temptress, with different ideas about eating for children, said: 'That's nonsense! This cookie won't hurt you. Take it and eat it.'

'But my mamma wouldn't like it,' persisted the loyal little one.

'Oh, your mamma'll never know. If you're afraid she'll come in and catch you, crawl in here under the table and she'll never see you.'

Amazed, astonished, the child stared for one horror-stricken moment at the awful woman who would suggest such wicked conduct to her, and then turned and fled. Straight to her mother's arms she ran, and there sobbed out her story of temptation.

When her tender heart had been relieved of its burden and her sobs somewhat quieted, she looked at her mamma and said: 'I don't fink it's nice of grown-up folks to make it so hard for little girls to be good, do you, Mamma? 'F I was a grown-up lady and a little girl said her mamma wouldn't let her eat a cookie, I'd say, "Put it in your po'tet, dear, and keep it until supper time."'

Silently the mother's heart approved the judgment of the little girl. Now could she forgive the one who had really tried to instill into her little daughter thoughts of disobedience and deception?

Unfortunately, this experience was not the only one of its kind endured by this mother. Having made a study of hygiene, her attitude toward the diet of her children was entirely different from that of the other mothers of her acquaintance, and, being out of sympathy with her theories, they seemed to feel no necessity for assisting her in her efforts to bring up her children in the way that seemed right to her. On every hand the children were offered tempting viands, and if they remained true to their mother's teachings they were told that they were 'foolish' and that she was 'cruel.'

These women did not mean to be unkind; they were simply thoughtless. Their responsibility for the upbringing of their own children weighed heavily upon their shoulders, but that they owed the slightest duty to the children of their neighbors never entered their heads.

Yet it is not alone because your children are yours that you must train them right; it is also because they are children, men and women in embryo, future citizens of the nation upon whose stability of character rests the future of the country. Christ taught us to love our neighbors as ourselves, and, recalling his recognition of the child's worth, we cannot question but that his commandment would include our neighbor's children. To care only for the welfare and up-building of our own children is not the attitude of the true follower of Christ.

Moreover, we should remember that, as upon the father and mother rests the responsibility for their child's future, their ideals of right conduct should be carefully respected by us. We may see no harm in things which they have forbidden to their children, but the fact that they are forbidden should be sufficient for us, and we should do all in our power to make observance of the prohibition easy.

Sometimes the parents are not wise in the training of their little ones, and then it may be that a conscientious neighbor can bring into the little lawless lives some of that orderliness which is so evidently needed. To be sure, the neighbor cannot exert the authority which belongs to the parent, but there are other ways of acquiring influence, and a real child-lover can often make an impress upon the unfolding personality which will never be effaced.

A woman whose heart was full of love and reverence for God's little ones, was amazed one morning, soon after her arrival in a new locality, to see her kitchen door opened from without and two children, four and five years of age, with unabashed mien walk into her presence. She welcomed them pleasantly, however, learned that they were little neighbors and, upon their departure, invited them to come again. The next day they appeared in the same unceremonious fashion, but this time she was ready for them.

Looking up from her work, she said, 'Oh, how do you do? Did you knock; I didn't hear you.'

A little abashed at the unexpected question the children replied only with a negative shake of their heads.

'Well, you know,' she went on cheerily, 'when folks go visiting they always knock at the door, and then the one they're calling on tells them to "come in." That's the way the grown-up people do, and that's the way you want to do—isn't it?'

The little girl assented, but the boy was doubtful.

'Suppose you go out and try it once. It's just like a game.' She rose as she spoke and advanced toward them, the children backing away as though a little fearful as to what might happen next. With a few more encouraging words she closed the door and then waited.

After a little while a timid knock was heard. Hastening to the door, the neighbor exclaimed, 'Why, here's Emma and Harry! How do you do? Won't you walk in? I'm very glad to see you.'

That the children enjoyed the greeting was very evident by their smiling faces, but it must not be supposed that the lesson was learned at once. For several days they appeared as usual, but each time were sent outside to knock, and ultimately the habit was so strongly fixed that never was the door opened by them without permission from within. When this fact became known to the mothers it caused great wonder, as never before had the children received such a lesson.

In the same way their new friend taught the little ones, who loved to spend hours in her home, to pick up their playthings and put them away before leaving. The first time she explained to them that such was the way to do, the little girl asked, 'Do you always put your things away?'

'Oh, yes,' was the reply, 'or just see how my room would look when Mr. A. comes home. I want everything to look nice for him, you know.'

Then, by making the straightening-up into a game or into a contest as to which would do the most in the shortest time, she made the task a pleasure to them until finally another good habit was formed.

Without trespassing upon the parent's domain or overstepping the bounds of courtesy, it is yet possible to make one's intercourse with a child an influence for good; and when we realize that every word or act must leave an impress for either good or evil upon the plastic material before us, we are made to feel our responsibility to our neighbor's child.

1904 Caricatured—'World Wide Cartoon edition now ready. Ten cents a copy. For sale by all booksellers and newsdealers throughout the Dominion, or by remitting 10c to John Dougall & Son, Publishers, Montreal.

The Alphabet of Success.

Attend carefully to details.
Be prompt in all things.
Consider well, then decide positively.
Dare to do right, fear to do wrong.
Endure trials patiently.
Fight life's battle bravely.
Go not into the society of the vicious.
Hold integrity sacred.
Injure not another's reputation.
Join hands only with the virtuous.
Keep your mind free from evil thoughts.
Lie not for any consideration.
Make few special acquaintances.
Never try to appear what you are not.
Observe good manners.
Pay your debts promptly.
Question not the veracity of a friend.
Respect the counsel of your parents.
Sacrifice money rather than principle.
Touch not, taste not, handle not, intoxicating drinks.
Use your leisure for improvement.
Venture not upon the threshold of wrong.
Watch carefully over your passions.
Extend to every one a kindly greeting.
Yield not to discouragement.
Zealously labor for the right, and success is certain.—'Ladies' Home Journal.'

Disorder in the Home.

As we read the following pictures so graphically drawn by Dr. Dodds in 'Health Culture,' who of us but can call to mind houses we know, to which these words might refer? And who of us does not inwardly resolve that the latter picture shall represent her home? . . . .

The whole house presents a scene of confusion; every department is run helter-skelter. The meals rarely come at seasonable hours, and sometimes they do not come at all: the bread is underdone or overdone, and a good many things get scorched. The matron of the house is fretful and nervous; she generally finds fault with the children, or the servant if she has one. The atmosphere in such a home is not inspiring, and often it is anything but agreeable. If there are callers they find the house in disorder, and the mistress rather untidy in her personal appearance. Things have not gone on just right, and excuses are given.

If the children are sent to school, they are apt to be late; sometimes at the last minute the lunch is not put up, and a little money furnished to get something to eat at the bakery. The morning work is either done in a hurry, or it is put off till another time; perhaps there is sewing that must be attended to, or some mending is needed. If so, the next thing is to find the scissors, the needle and thimble, and to get quietly to work before something else demands attention. The time spent in hunting the thimble alone, is often sufficient to do half the work that was planned. Then a neighbor calls on an errand, and the housewife stands at the door talking till she is thoroughly tired out, when all at once she remembers that something in the house or out of it needs her immediate care.

The dinner hours slips by, and a light lunch is snatched up; or the work in the sewing-room is continued, little attention being paid to the needs of the stomach. If anything is fed regularly in that house, it is either the cat, which makes its wants known, or the dog (there may be two or three) who helps himself to something that is lying around. At night the husband comes home, and ten chances to one there is no appetizing meal in readiness for him. The children when they got home from school, help themselves freely to what they found in the cupboard—generally something left over from the day before. At a late hour the family meal is prepared, and everyone being ravenously hungry, too much food is eaten. This necessitates a late bedtime, and also getting up late next morning; either that, or the hours which ought to be devoted to rest and sleep, are cut short.

Quite in contrast to all this, is the home in which the lady of the house is mistress of it. She not only sees that her work is done at seasonable hours, but that every chick and child is carefully trained into orderly habits. Breakfast, dinner and supper come at regular hours, and nothing is left to chance. The head of the house is never flustered or in a hurry; she plans her work as she wants it, and permits very few things to interfere with it. If a neighbor woman calls she is invited in, and they both sit down to rest and chat; or if the call is a brief one, the work is not seriously hindered.

One of the worst things about a disorderly mother, is the force of the example that she sets to her children—not to speak of similar traits that she transmits to them. Moreover, work that is rushed through or done out of season, is rarely satisfactory; and the state of mind that it begets, leads to moroseness and discontent. Another thing in regard to disorderly people, is that they are not apt to be cleanly; how can they be? Of a truth it is said, that cleandiness is next to godliness, and order is heaven's own law.

Manners for Children.

There are few portions of household training that are more neglected than the education of children in the habits of eating. In the family it is the easiest thing in the world to grow careless or indulge in various practices not permissible in polite society, but, all the same, these habits are formed, and the children, as a natural consequence, grow up in such ways. It is small wonder that when they find it necessary to go out into the world they are obliged to have a thorough course of training to unlearn the habits of early life.

The only excuse for this is when the parents are themselves totally ignorant of the proprieties of life. It is a poor comment on bad manners when the young person in response to reproof says, 'We always did so at home.' And no parent should permit it to be possible for the child to cast any such reflection on the guardian of its tender years. It is comparatively easy, once the habit of discipline is established, to compel the observance of the rules that govern good society. If parents do not know them, they should realize the necessity of learning them before they attempt the training of little children.

It must be a very unhappy reflection to father and mother when they come to comprehend the fact that their children are in disgrace because of lack of correct teaching. But this is often the case, and, though children accuse the parents of being the cause of such unpleasant consequences, there are many instances where young people feel it keenly.

It is unquestionably the fact that a good deal of what is complained of by parents as neglect on the part of children comes from the feeling that they have been allowed to grow up in ignorance of many things which they should have known, and have experienced so much annoyance and discomfort on this account that they feel sensitive and sore of spirit in consequence.

It is natural enough to feel a certain degree of resentment towards those who are the real cause of serious unhappiness or social disgrace, and whether it is the parent or someone else seems to make no difference; indeed, the responsibility which attaches to that relationship but increases the discomfiture.

Social etiquette classes for the mothers of families might be a departure, but they certainly would be a lasting benefit to the rising generation.—'Christian Globe.'

Take Care of Your Health.

People have no right to be careless concerning their health. First, they have their own duties to do and they cannot do them properly without health; second, no person can be sick without interfering with the rights and the privileges and comforts of others. Probably three-fourths of the sickness and disease in the world could be prevented by a little care, and what a shame it is for people who ought to be, and 'might be' well and useful in the world, to make themselves ill, and dependent, and miserable, and so hinder others from their work, and weary them and make them ill, when a little care might have prevented it all. Hence all persons should be thoughtful and careful about their health.

Christians especially should care for their bodies, which are the temples of the Holy Ghost, and their health which is necessary for effective service for the Master. No one but a brute would wish to work a horse till it was sick. Yet many who claim to be Christians will work themselves, and their families, in a way which would be cruel in the case of a horse or a mule. People must learn to be careful of the Lord's property, and Christians are not their own; they are bought with a price, and should, therefore, glorify God in their bodies.—'Morning Star.'

Suggestions.

To remove dirt from porcelain sinks, bathtubs, and marble wash-bowls, dampen a woollen cloth with gasoline, and rub over the places. The dirt will instantly disappear, leaving the surface clean and polished.

To Clean Fur.—Take equal parts of salt and flour, mix and heat in an oven, taking care not to color the flour in doing so. With a clean piece of flannel rub this mixture into the fur, which must afterward be shaken and brushed till it is quit free of flour.

An oft-quoted saying has something about the little foxes eating the grapes, and it is by the accumulation of trifles that burdens develop. One trifling matter in the use of gas for cooking is the habit of removing a kettle or saucepan from the burner before turning off the gas. Another extravagance is allowing the flame to flare up all around the dish. If the gas merely acts upon the bottom of the pan without appearing at all against the sides, one is using all the strength of the heating power.

Here is an English recipe for polishing furniture: Shave yellow beeswax into enough turpentine to make it of the consistence of paste. When it is dissolved apply with a soft flannel rag to a part of the surface to be polished.

A bit of pumice stone is to be found on the dressing table of most women these days, and is invaluable in removing all traces of grime on finger tips or around the nails.

Never hang a mirror where the sun's rays will fall upon it. The sun acts upon the mercury and clouds the glass.

The best pie plates are those of tin with straight sides about an inch high, so there is no danger of the contents of the pie running over.

An effective eradicator of mildew and ink is salts of lemon, which may he had at any drug-shop. Wet the spot, moisten the salts and apply.

Recipes.

Creamed Ham.—Put one tablespoonful of butter into a saucepan; when melted add one tablespoonful of flour, mix until smooth; add half a pint of milk, and stir continually until it boils; then add one saltspoonful of salt and two dashes of pepper, one cupful of finely minced ham, and a tablespoonful of finely minced parsley. The amount of salt will depend largely upon the saltiness of the ham.—Selected.

Cold Slaw.—This is a creole dish and very delicious. Cut very fine a quarter of a head of firm white cabbage. Put it into a covered dish, pour over it half a cupful of vinegar, one-half tablespoonful of salt and toss it about lightly with a fork. Into a skillet pour one-half scant cupful of milk, a teaspoonful of butter and one-quarter cupful of sugar. Beat one egg light. Let the milk come to a boil, mix a teaspoonful of the milk with the egg, add sugar and butter, allow it to cook until a custard is formed, then pour over the sliced cabbage. Allow it to become very cold before using. As vinegars differ, do not use so much if very strong.

Corn Soup.—One can of corn, one quart and

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two gills of milk, three tablespoonful of butter, two scant tablespoonfuls of flour, one large teaspoonful of salt, one-fourth teaspoonful of pepper, one tablespoonful of minced onion, yolks of two eggs. Chop the corn very fine and let it cook in a double boiler with one quart of milk for fifteen minutes. Put the butter and onion into a frying pan and cook slowly for ten minutes, then add the flour and cook until smooth and frothy, taking care not to brown it. Stir this into the milk and add salt and pepper, and cook ten minutes. Rub the soup through a sieve and return it to the fire, and then add the yolks and two gills of milk. Let it stand one minute before serving.—'Presbyterian Banner.'

Relief for Pneumonia.

We have no personal knowledge of the value of the following remedy, yet pass it on, lest in an emergency or an extremity it might be of use:—

'Cut up six or ten onions according to size, put in a large frying pan over a hot fire; then add about the same quantity of rye meal, and vinegar enough to make a thick paste. Meanwhile, stir it thoroughly, letting it simmer five or ten minutes. Then put it in a cotton bag large enough to cover the lungs and apply it to the chest as hot as the patient can bear. When this gets cool, apply another, and thus continue by reheating the poultices, and in a few hours the patient will probably be out of danger. Usually three or four applications will be sufficient, but continue always until perspiration starts freely from the chest. This simple remedy, says the "New England Grocer," was formulated many years ago by one of the best physicians New England has ever known. He never lost a patient by this disease, and won his renown by saving persons by simple remedies after the best medical talent had pronounced their cases hopeless. Personally we know of three persons who were saved by the remedy last winter in Boston after their physicians had given them up to die, and if a record were made of all similar cases during the last six years, it would fill a good-sized volume.'—'The World's Progress.'

Eating when Tired.

Every one should know that to eat when tired is to place upon the digestive organs a burden which they are wholly unable to bear. When the body is in a state of fatigue, the digestive organs are unable to perform their natural functions; the glands of the stomach will not form gastric juice, the saliva is deficient in quantity and the whole digestive apparatus is incapable of doing efficient work. When exhausted, one should rest before eating. If a faint or sinking sensation is experienced, relief may be obtained by drinking a glass of hot water or diluted fruit juice of some kind.—Exchange.

The Christian Endeavor Movement is making way in the great Empire of India. Perhapse the most marked and fruitful revelopment is among the rice fields of East Bengal, where, within a short radius, there exist more than sixty active and efficient societies in as many different villages of Bengali Christians. These have gone far to solve many serious problems of mission work, and to show how a small band of earnest native Christians, under adverse circumstances, can maintain the holy fire of zeal and Christ-like devotion among themselves without the aid of a resident missionary or even a native pastor. This most hopeful work in India is under the charge of the Rev. William Carey, a great-grandson of the great missionary of the same name.—'The Missionary Review.'

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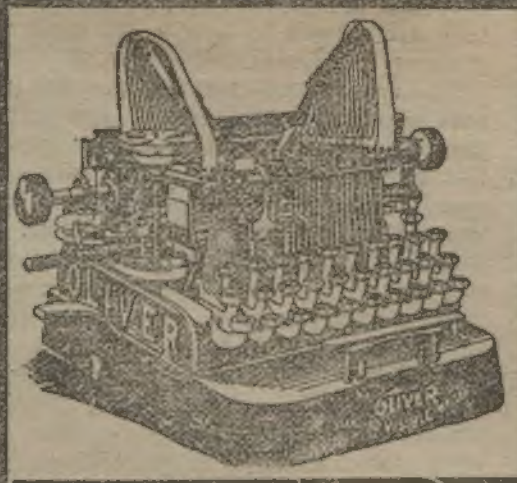

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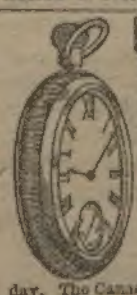

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